The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXIII
APRIL, 1936
Number Four

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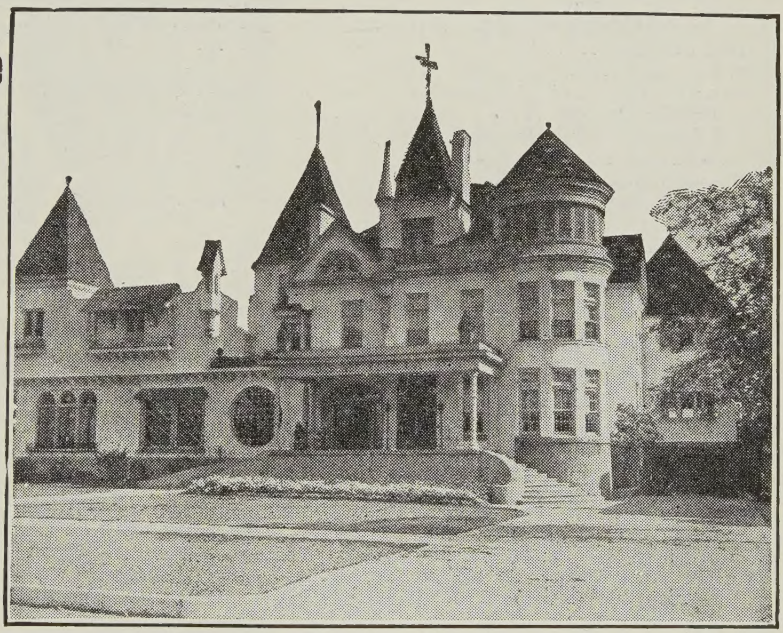

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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII APRIL, 1936 No.4

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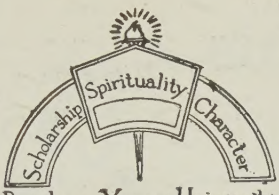

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EASTER

By Bertha M. Rosevear

Oh the joy of Spring!
When the balmy breeze
Whispers softly to the trees
Awake, awake, put on your garments pink, and white
Help make the earth a glorious sight
When every little robin's throat
Swells with rapturous stirring note
And everywhere is seen
The Easter lily
Ah yes, 'twas in the Spring
When nature, wakens from her Winter's sleep,
And fragrant lilies bloom
That Christ in majesty and power,
Arose from out the tomb.
'Twas then that He whom men thought dead,
Who was our ever living Head,
Became
Our Savior from the grave.
Help us, oh God, to realize
Thy love, and Thy great sacrifice.
And as the birds return each year,
When Easter lilies reappear
We will remember
The sacred joy of Spring.

TETON MOUNTAINS

Photo by D. W. Green

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIII APRIL, 1936 No. 4

The Challenge of Immortality

Dr. M. Lynn Bennion

EASTER DAY commemorates the resurrection of the Redeemer of mankind and certifies to the truths which He proclaimed while on earth and which He embodied in His life. The doubts and despair of Calvary were triumphantly dispelled when Jesus broke the bands of death and returned to His disciples in the fulness of personal life. Mary Magdalene and other faithful women received the joyful Easter message from the lips of an angel at the tomb. "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell His disciples, that He is risen from the dead, and behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him: lo, I have told you." (Matt. 28:5-7)

THE question of the resurrection is setlted for the Latter-day Saints by the testimony of the scriptures, both ancient and modern. The doctrine of the resurrection is the very core and heart of our religion. Is this a reasonable faith which we cherish? If we postulate God, then it certainly is. Personal immortality is as sure as God Himself. The power of God is the fundamental argument for the truth of the resurrection of the dead. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Socrates, several hundred years before Christ, said, "When death attacks a man, his mortal part dies, but his immortal part retreats before death, and goes away safe and indestructible." Another philosopher, Kant, indicated that belief in immortality was required in order to justify us to obey our consciences.

MAN was created by a Being who has love as the foundation of His life. A life of love was beautifully exemplified in Jesus, who pled with all men to love God and man freely, and in so loving grow to be like God Himself. It is quite inconceivable that God would permit those who have been gaining such characters by the help of His spirit to die utterly. If righteous character is of value, we must suppose that that character will continue. Reason and memory shall continue, and the experiences of a future life shall grow out of and be built upon the experiences of the present life as a preparation. To think and love, remember and act, to be able to recognize friends and to enjoy beautiful things are among man's eternal blessings. The associations of the resurrected Lord among mortals confirms our faith in the reality of these things.

THE doctrine of the resurrection exalts man as the offspring of God and the object of His most devoted love and affection. As the divine was manifested in the life of Christ, so in every man's life God may be revealed. The resurrection was a seal of divine approbation upon the life of Christ. His life is for us the exposition of God's way of living. The Savior brought life and immortality and light to the world, and to strive to live as He lived is our challenge today. It has been truthfully said that to be sure of immortality one must live like an immortal. When we are living as God has commanded us to live, our doubts vanish. Christ Himself suggested the pragmatic test to the doubter when He said, "If any man will do My will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of Myself." It was the "come and see" invitation of the Savior that brought men invariably from darkness into light.

We recall how the testimony of the risen Christ, bestowed upon the early apostles by the Holy Ghost, transformed their lives. They sought earnestly to bring their conduct in line with their faith, that they might be with their Master in eternal happiness. Traveling among the humble disciples of Jesus, the apostles observed the moral and spiritual power associated with true faith. "Every man who hath this hope in Him purifieth himself."

THINK of the exalted faith of our Mormon pioneers who, out of the depths of suffering and privation, sang joyously, "And should we die before our journey's through, happy day, all is well." Human lives were lifted to new levels. Conscious that they were already living the immortal life, these folk sought passionately the things of the spirit. Moral uplift and spiritual power have ever been the consequence of that greatest faith that the human mind can hold—the faith that life may attain immortal quality and be assured of endless duration. I believe that a survey of the Church today would show that many of the saints derive from their faith in immortality that same incentive to live the higher life. It is not logic but a dynamic faith that most surely carries conviction.

When the missionaries go out to win converts to the Church, a more potent force than their arguments is a challenge they offer: "Live here and now the life that deserves to live forever." Strange it is how the fear of death vanishes when people start facing the power of life. When life is lifted to the highest moral and spiritual levels the conviction of immortality is not difficult to obtain. This is indeed a great discovery. It means seeking God as a living quest. It means making the will of God the guide and inspiration of daily living. It invites a close and vital comradeship with him. Not as an abstract discovery or as a logical conclusion, but as a consequence of living a godly life does this testimony come.

A fine old pioneer character is at the present time in a Brigham City hospital, waiting for the end to come. This man has a conviction of immortality born out of a life of devotion to the gospel. He said to his son-in-law a few days ago, "I am going to my exaltation." "When God wants to carry a point with His children," says one writer, "He plants His arguments in their instincts. This, it seems to me, is what Jesus recognized when He described the issue of immortality in that singularly simple but suggestive

statement, "If it were not so, I would have told you." By this statement the Master sought to place our confidence in the persistence of personality, not upon some dogmatic utterance, but upon the deepest instinct of humanity, which instinct, in the last analysis, is for better than head knowledge.

YOU cannot X-ray love, hate, envy and other emotions, nor locate them in the human anatomy, but there is nothing more real and powerful. The very best things in life we feel. The best testimony of God and man's divine relationship to Him is our own experience in the midst of living. God is always to be found through personal experience. Those who fail to recognize this truth and limit themselves to materiality are in my humble opinion missing the whole secret of life. I have many unanswered questions about the details of life after death, but I have no doubt of the reality of that after life. My desire is to have a quality of experience so rich and radiant, so full of meaning, that it will make each approaching year to the door of immortality more worthwhile. Easter invites us to "Life Eternal" through a knowledge of Jesus. Eternal life may become a present possession.

IT is for us, then, to cherish our faith in Christ and immortality, to fan the flame of it until it shall make our lives stronger and more beautiful. As the years pass we shall grow in courage, in buoyancy, in faith in ourselves, in life, in one another, in the world, and in God. We shall value human life for what it is, the highest and finest work of God, and we shall aspire to make that life a thing of beauty and of joy. He who was raised on Easter Day has given us this faith and this vision. He has assured us that we shall meet again after separation and shall enter into endless peace and progress. Thank God for this joyful message —this happy truth.

PROMISE OF SPRING

By Grace Zenor Pratt

I watch the distant cottonwoods turn silvery green—
The wheat fields like an emerald carpet spread;
The glorious promise of another spring
When winter has betokened all things, dead.
The hyacinths along the garden wall
Thrust up their waxen blossoms from the earth—
Blue, rose and lavender and purest white;
. . . . A daffodil springs golden, from the turf.
A wild rose now appears on swaying stem,
The sky is blue with fairy floating clouds;
An orchard, fragrant in its rosy mist,
A field with upturned sod, but newly plowed.
. . . . So many springs beheld with wondering eyes,
So many miracles of sun and shower . . . .
With each new promise, we behold anew—
And faith returns in God's creative power.

I WISH YOU COULD

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

I wish you could see the sun on the hills,
As he sets in the golden west;
And the moon come up o'er a land at peace,
And the eagles in their nest.
Oh, the night is filled with the crickets chirp,
And the call of the Whip-poor-will;
As the spruce trees sing in the Autumn breeze,
And rich scarlet is on the hill.
Oh, I wish you could see that orange haze,
As it rests on the mountain-peak;
Or the snow-storm clouds, o'er the canyon there,
As they play at hide and seek.

EARTH'S RE-BIRTH

By Emma Rigby Coleman

Have you seen a fresh-plowed furrow
In the spring?
A teeming, steaming furrow
In the spring
How it tells of resurrection!
Of the earth's own genuflexion
To man's hope, that's heaven sent,
In the spring?

Mrs. Benson Takes a Hand

IN WHICH SHE ROUTS A RACKETEER

By Ivy Williams Stone

MRS. BENSON wakened at seven o'clock with a sense of guilt. Breakfast, lunches to pack, dishes, dinner; then, fully conscious, she sank back upon her pillows with a wry smile. Except for herself, the house was empty. The youngest Benson had married a month before, her husband, commonly called "Judge," had gone for a long-anticipated exploring trip on the Salmon River. There was no need for Mrs. Benson to rise early. No one needed breakfast, nor lunch, nor dinner in the evening. She was unnecessary. The life of the little town could continue to flow smoothly without her. And this knowledge was not pleasant.

"At least," she said to the canary as she ate a solitary breakfast in the too quiet kitchen, "I can pack my grandfather's collection of firearms, and send it to the state museum. I've been going to do that for a long time. It will save me from boredom, or *ennui,* as the French say it."

In the rear of the Benson house lot there stood an old 'dobe plastered building. Its squat, square shape was not improved by the two small deeply recessed windows, whose tiny panes of glass were covered by iron bars. The padlocked, weather beaten door finished the picture of an old pioneer jail, from which no criminal had ever escaped. In the early days this jail had been a necessity; gradually it became a curiosity, then an heirloom, now it was a valued town landmark. Grandfather Pace had been a very efficient and very thorough pioneer sheriff; he had equipped his jail with the comforts of a stove and a bed. He had boasted that many a confession had been prompted by a night's good rest on a real feather bed, reinforced by a tick of clean straw! A bronze tablet now marked the building, telling of Grandfather's exploits, and the state museum was clamoring for the collection of firearms which Grandfather Pace had gathered, mostly from his personal experiences.

There was the muzzle loading, long barrel rifle he had brought from the backwoods of Kentucky; the slide gun repeating rifle, with the two nicks on the stock which had saved early settlers from a raid of murderous Indians; a single shot, smooth bore blunderbuss or horse pistol which Grandfather had laughingly described as the gun "that roared like a cannon and kicked like a mule;" there were numerous powder horns and bullet boxes; a bayoneted relic of the Civil War; a single barreled shotgun, and a double barreled muzzle loading shot gun that had kicked Grandmother backwards, the only time she had ever essayed to shoot a firearm; a cylinder revolver which had seemed the last word in gun manufacture which Grandfather had invented himself. And finally, a tiny "vest pocket," pearl handled pistol that seemed strangely out of place with its warlike neighbors. Mrs. Benson remembered that pearl handled pistol very well. Grandmother had always laughed over that firearm. Once when Grandfather had gone to town she had hoped he would bring her a present of a hanging lamp, but he purchased that tiny pistol instead! It was called "a suitable weapon for a refined lady;" she had never used it, but always carried

it in her voluminous pocket to please Grandfather.

THE packing of these relics of a by-gone age proved fascinating, and while she ate a hasty lunch Mrs. Benson felt tempted to ignore the insistent ring of the telephone.

"That you, Mrs. Benson?" a tear choked voice almost cried into the receiver. "Well, this is Lettie Mack. And I'm in trouble. I bought a knitting machine, and the man made it go beautifully, but I can't seem to get the hang of fitting the wool on the hooks, and the yarn is all snarled up. Yes, I paid him cash for it, sixty dollars, and I am afraid—"

"Where did you get the sixty dollars, Lettie?" Mrs. Benson was all business, alert and keen.

"Well," the voice became less coherent, "I took the tax money and the money for Henry's second semester of tuition. He won't need it until January, and I figured I could make enough by selling my finished socks by that time to more than pay him back. And I can't—"

"I'll be over," the receiver clicked, and immediately Mrs. Benson knew that she was again necessary.

"I knew it," she muttered to the good little old car that speeded along under her urgent foot. "I knew Lettie couldn't be trusted. Here I got her all set up as a beautician, making good money too, and along comes some high powered salesman and fleeces her of all the money she has in the world. I'll bet she even told him she had sixty dollars, right there in the house, before he set the price on his machine."

Mrs. Benson's anticipated fears were fully realized. Lettie Mack, crippled since babyhood, had built up a paying clientele of regular patrons with her beautician work. Her marcels never turned white hair yellow, and she was so careful not to burn fine hair. The Bensons had sent her to beauty school, and she and her orphan brother Henry were living nicely. Henry was even in school. Now, a suave, smooth-tongued salesman had departed to places unknown with Lettie's treasured sixty dollars, and left in its stead an intricate, hand-power knitting machine, with pages of puzzling instructions, ten balls of wool, and a beautifully engraved contract, signed by the agent, in which the Company agreed to purchase all the perfectly made socks which the purchaser could produce.

"But I can't make a good one," sobbed Lettie, as Mrs. Benson scanned the contract, and knit her brows over the intricate hooks, levers and needles that were all a part of the machine.

"And you never can either," small comfort came in Mrs. Benson's voice. "Nobody can make a perfect sock on this machine. That's the catch. And nobody can prosecute the swindlers for they agree to purchase all you can make. Such people are as bad as the old sharpsters who used to sell gold bricks. You bought a useless machine, Lettie, and the county could sell your little home for taxes, and your brother Henry can stay out of school for the rest of his life, and it will never disturb the sleep of those scalawags. Which way did that slick tongued salesman go?"

"He asked me for a list of other likely purchasers, not too close, and I told him about your brother who runs the store at the other end of the valley. I told him to ask at that store for names. He was so polite and well mannered and said he didn't mind my crippled foot at all."

"That," mused Mrs. Benson, "is the one bright, intelligent thing you have done, Lettie. I'll 'phone my brother."

MRS. BENSON was puzzled how to capture and punish a racketeer of this type. He had done no tangible, unlawful act. She knew full well how her grandfather would have acted. There would have been no hesitancy or indecision. The undesirable visitor would have been taken to the state line on a rail, with a touch of tar and a few goose feathers for good measure. It was thinking of her grandfather that gave Mrs. Benson her great inspiration. A woman of fifty-five, clear brained, healthy, able to drive a car, with the blood of pioneering forbears in her veins must outwit a pale faced city bred imposter!

Mrs. Benson packed the offending machine in its original box and took it home with her. She telephoned her brother.

"Tell him," she emphasized, "that your sister is contemplating converting an unused building in the rear of her home into a knitting factory, to offer employment to the young women of the town. Tell him to come tomorrow afternoon. Certainly, Russel, *I am contemplating* such a factory. But it is not definite as yet."

SEVEN o'clock the following morning found Mrs. Benson hard at work. Encouraged by a good wage, two women were busily helping her renovate the old jail building. The stove was thoroughly cleaned, blackened, and a supply of fuel filled the wood box. Even the rusty old reservoir had been scoured and filled with water. The table and two chairs were scrubbed, the undulating mirror lost its coat of fly specks and grime, the windows were polished, and the old bed was once more fluffed up and covered with clean linen. The floor was washed with a broom and scrubbed with lye. The odor of disinfectants sent all tiny insects elsewhere for safety. The firearms were packed in a substantial wooden box—all save the tiny pearl handled pistol which had never been discharged. A can of flour and a bread mixer were set on the warming oven. Mrs. Benson's last act was to put a new padlock through the clamp and hook on the outside of the old door. To the curious questions of her two helpers, she only smiled indulgently.

"I'm making plans," she answered vaguely, "and it's best not to tell them 'till you're sure."

That afternoon she extended a cheerful welcome to the young man who arrived with six knitting machines in the rear of his car. Certainly his polished manners were disarming. In spite of her resentment, even Mrs. Benson felt herself weakening before the onslaught of his courteous manner. But the memory of the swindled Lettie and the matted yarn on the hooks of the reboxed machine steeled her sympathies against his tactics.

"Your telephone call was most opportune," gushed her visitor. "I was about to leave the valley. This is a marvelous idea of yours, Mrs. Benson! Think of the hope you can inspire in the hearts of these young women! By their own efforts, sponsored by your kindness, they can become self-supporting, self-respecting, beautifully clothed! To them, the depression will be non-existent!"

"Come out to the little shop which I had rather thought might be used for the factory," invited Mrs. Benson, patting a little bump in the right hand pocket of her voluminous apron. "Perhaps you might suggest some improvements. I will want to reach maximum production and to make the most perfect socks."

"What a charming, unique, atmospheric building!" exclaimed the

young man. "It is positively enchanting. Another window here, a flood light from the ceiling, two tables where the bed stands, another to replace the washstand, a gas heater in the place of the stove, glass in the door, and the room will be a modern factory! Dear Mrs. Benson, you can use more than six machines. Several more. Let me write up your order for twelve, at least." With quick deft movements, he produced more of the engraved contracts and a fountain pen, which he proffered to Mrs. Benson with a deep bow. He stooped to spread the papers on the table and when he rose up, he was looking squarely into the tiny muzzle of a small pearl handled pistol.

"Walk over to the far wall," commanded Mrs. Benson. Her voice sounded strange even to herself. She felt the blood rushing to her head, but her hand was steady. "Put—put up your hands," she ordered, "and lean against the wall. This is truly loaded." Mrs. Benson backed to the door, never taking her eyes from the astonished, blanched face of the nonplussed, suave salesman. With an agility that belied her years she backed out of the door, pulled it shut behind her and snapped the new padlock. Then she sank weakly down on the deep recessed doorsill.

"Let me out! Let me out! This is an outrage!" The debonaire prisoner pounded futilely upon the heavy door. Mrs. Benson walked around to a window and tapped sharply with the butt of the pearl handled pistol, motioning for the prisoner to raise the sash.

"Can you make bread?" demanded Mrs. Benson with apparent levity.

"Certainly not," snapped the prisoner, minus all his politeness, "and I would thank you to let me out immediately! My time is valuable."

"I'll let you out when you have made me a perfect batch of bread," countered Mrs. Benson. "You'll find paper, matches, kindling, and coal in that box behind the stove. You'll find flour, salt, sugar, yeast and a good breadmixer on top of the stove. Detailed instructions on how to make bread are pasted on top of that pretty sheet of paper you gave Lettie Mack, telling her how to operate a knitting machine. It's in the warming oven. I'll buy every loaf of perfect bread you can make. No imperfections, however. Just as your company won't accept socks with dropped stitches, nor broken threads, I won't accept bread that is soggy, burned, or underbaked."

"No modern man is expected to understand culinary arts," countered the man on the inside of the solid old bars. "I couldn't perform such a feat in a thousand years."

"And Lettie Mack couldn't learn to make a perfect pair of socks on your stupid machine in a thousand years, either," retaliated the lady on the outside of those old substantial bars. "It's too complicated. The wool won't travel through all those hooks and gadgets. The yarn snarls and breaks, and *you know* no hand operated machine could possibly compete with power operated ones."

"She signed a legible contract. I gave it to her to read. She didn't have to sign, and if she is persistent and mechanically minded she can learn to operate it. I OPERATE IT."

"And I make bread," answered Mrs. Benson simply. "Been doing it for 27 years."

"If you don't let me out, I'll have you sued for concealing firearms, and arrested for unlawfully retaining a person against his will, and for inducing me here on false pretenses."

"The sheriff is my youngest brother, and the judge is my husband," smiled Mrs. Benson. "And you'll

learn to make pretty good bread before Dad comes home from his river trip. I will compromise. That is, I'll let you go on your way unmolested provided you pass sixty dollars through these bars to me. Then I'll put your machine in your car with the six you already got there, and let you go. Provided the money doesn't look counterfeit," she added as an afterthought.

"It was a legitimate sale," stormed the prisoner, all suavity gone from his voice.

"You should make your fire first," counseled Mrs. Benson, "so as to have luke warm water for the bread. Cold water kills the yeast."

The woman who had borne and reared six children, whose grandfather had never failed in his duty as protector of the peace of the community, looked unflinchingly into the eyes of the metropolitan youth who had felt the gullible people of the west were his legitimate prey. Slowly his hand moved upward to his inner coat pocket; slowly he extracted a wallet and pushed six ten dollar bills through the bars of the window. Mrs. Benson, never loosening her grip on the pearl mounted revolver, inspected the bills carefully; held each one to the light to locate the tiny silken threads that mark the genuine currency of our land.

"Looks all right," she admitted grudgingly. "I'll put your machine back in your car. You *bought it back* you know. Then I'll start my own car, and I'll follow you to the state line; it's only thirty miles, and I'll enjoy the ride. It won't be healthy for you to try to sell any more machines in this state."

THAT night Lettie Mack slept the peaceful sleep of a forgiven child. The six ten dollar bills were safely tucked in a small glass jar, which reposed inside a two quart jar, with the intervening space filled with small, innocent looking brown beans. Mrs. Benson, weary but elated, wrote to the state museum that she was retaining one small pearl handled pistol, as it had personal memories. As she stuck the stamp on her letter with a vigorous thrust, she muttered,

"The words *boredom* and *ennui* should be stricken from the dictionary. There are no such words in my vocabulary!"

Gifted Children

By Florence Ivins Hyde

SINCE Sir Francis Gallon predicted, many years ago, that it would be possible someday to measure a man's intelligence, many of the world's finest minds have been at work on the study of mental testing. This study has grown to such an extent that the term "I. Q." is as familiar to the average housewife as the words "vitamin" and "endocrine."

That there are vast differences in the intellectual endowments of individuals has been shown conclusively by psychological tests. They show that there are as many children far above this average as there are far below, and yet, very few are accelerated while many are retarded in school. The tremendous waste involved in re-teaching these retarded children has become a real problem, out of which grew the use of the intelligence tests in the schools. If it could be determined whether they fail because they are not capable or because of bad health or poor instruction, the problem could more easily be solved. The validity of the tests was demonstrated during the World War when the soldiers were observed to turn out in action just about as the tests predicted they would.

It was so that "parents and teachers everywhere might have a true knowledge of the signs and symptoms of exceptional ability, and how children of this sort compare with average children" that Dr. Lewis M. Termon of Stanford University, in 1921, began his study of gifted children. If we believe that the nation's most precious assets are its intellectually gifted people, too much importance cannot be placed upon a survey of the type he made, for instead of guessing as we had done in the past, we now have the facts of his study of one thousand children to guide us.

This study was a tremendous task, extending over four years. The published report covers 650 printed pages which had been condensed from an original of 100,000 typewritten pages. A still later volume contains the results of a re-test made ten years later. Both volumes make fascinating reading for anyone interested in the subject of gifted children.

DR. TERMAN went into the schools of California—Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Oakland—where all types of children could be found. Only those were chosen who could pass a psychological test at or above 140. According to Dr. Seta S. Hollingsworth, 130 I. Q. is required to go through college with good grades. About one out of every two hundred in America reaches this standard.

The study presents a certain amount of evidence that superior children come from families who are above average in height and weight, whose infant mortality is low, and the longevity of whose grandparents is above average. Among their ancestors there are fewer divorces than in the general population.

An attempt was made to determine what relation exists between the children and their social groups. The groups were listed in the following manner:

Professional Group

Lawyers
Physicians and Surgeons
Engineers (with college degrees)
Teachers
Clergymen
Writers
Dentists
Musicians
Architects
Inventors

Commercial Group

Executives and Managers
Salesmen
Insurance Agents
Retail Dealers
Clerical Workers
Wholesale Workers
Manufacturers
Druggists
Editors and Publishers
Public Accountants

Industrial Group

Carpenters
Mechanics
Tailors
Painters
Contractors
Barbers
Florists
Photographers
Farmers
Unskilled Laborers

Public Service Group

Postmen and Clerks
City Firemen
Army and Navy
Soldiers
Mayors, City Councilmen, and other City Officers
Policemen
Civil Service Clerks

THIS data showed surprising and interesting results. The largest number of gifted children did not come from the professional group, as might be expected but from the commercial group which furnished 42.6% of the subjects. The Professional group furnished 29.1%, the Industrial group 20.2% and the Public Service Group only 4.5%.

Children who test high in intellect appear to be more interested in abstract than in practical subjects, doing exceptional work in subjects which require "thought" but poor work, as a rule, in penmanship, sewing, games and sports. A marked characteristic among them is their *sense of justice. They crave it above all other things,* even kindness. Teachers never rated these children as high as the tests indicated they should be rated.

Age was an important factor in the survey. It was observed that the youngest child carrying the work of his grade, usually passes the highest mental test of the group. Terman considers this his most important finding for it "indicates that it is not so much what a child can do as the *age at which he can do it which indicates his intelligence.*"

In testing their play interests it was found that these children have most interest in games that require thinking, and in their reading interests, that they read books of a far wider range than average children and many more books of information.

ONE of the most interesting tests made was that made to determine the character and personality traits of brilliant children. Quoting Dr. Terman: "The gifted child of nine has reached a level of character development corresponding to that of the average child of 14 years"—an astounding fact, for after all, character development is the desirable thing in education. Girls appear to rate higher in these tests than boys but boys surpass them in the test of

honesty. Between twelve and fourteen years of age, boys show a decided drop in moral development, indicating that at this age they need special sympathy and understanding from parents and teachers. Girls as a group do not show this drop.

In every test made, except in a few mechanical tests, the gifted groups rated higher than the unselected groups. Of a large number of children selected by their teachers as having special ability in music, art, manual training and domestic art, only three possessed I. Q.'s high enough to qualify for the survey; and yet people with talent seem to get farther in the world than people of intellectual capacity.

THIS new data gathered by Dr. Terman indicates that ability must be an original endowment for it appears in early childhood, and that with proper education and training many more eminent people might be developed. The $40,000 which the survey cost was fully justified for it substituted facts for the opinions of the past.

For ten years longer annual reports of these children were kept, then a re-test was made to determine what changes, if any, had occurred. These adult boys surpassed girls on the tests at every age, and yet they dropped in their achievement scores. Girls average higher marks in all school courses. The gifted children were superior in social and moral traits just as they were in the original survey. Character problems were very few—5% among boys and 2% among girls. In the unselected group the proportion was twice as great. 38% of the boys and 47% of the girls state that their lives have been greatly influenced by a person, book, philosophy, or religion. The type of influence most often mentioned is that of one or both parents. This fact has tremendous significance in determining the obligation of adults to the young.

PROFESSOR TERMAN was not satisfied to study only the ultra bright children of the present but went back in history to try to discover the factors which contribute to eminence. Gallon had long before concluded that "no man can achieve a very high reputation without being gifted with very high abilities and few who possess these abilities can fail to achieve eminence." To test this problem Terman used the available records of 301 of the most prominent men and women of history who lived between 1450 and 1850. The group includes scientists, artists, musicians, philosophers, poets, historians, soldiers, politicians, statesmen, etc.

THIS survey could not possibly be so accurate in its results as that made of living children, but there did appear to be a correlation between the estimated I. Q. and the rank of eminence. In other words, those of greatest eminence showed the highest I. Q. Young philosophers rated higher than any other group, scoring above scientists and writers. Soldiers scored lowest. Artists were also low but were higher than soldiers.

Available records indicate that in their youth these eminent people of history rated high in the desirable traits, particularly the intellectual traits. They possessed to an unusual degree forcefulness or strength of character and persistence of motive.

IT is to be regretted that intellectual endowment appears so early, for it complicates the problem of social adjustment. Brilliant children, as a

rule, are not leaders in their groups because by being pushed ahead they are from one to two years younger than their school companions, are often small for their school rooms and as a result are not so active in school affairs. One great problem in the past has been that teachers and parents have failed to recognize ability in children and mistakes of training and discipline, as well as undesirable circumstances, have often starved or warped or killed the genius which might have developed. It seems almost imperative that we provide special classes to fit these children or to in some way enrich their curricula. It takes responsibility to bring out the best in anyone. Without it individuals cannot become creative. In some N. Y. schools, the problem is being met with what are called Terman classes. No one knows what might be dedeveloped with proper training.

SURELY the hope of the world lies in the people of exceptional ability. Difficult problems are not and can never be solved by mediocre or even average minds. These gifted children may not become famous—eminence may not be an adequate measure of success, but with proper handling the gifted should be superior in adult life just as they are in childhood. They should become the leading physicians, teachers, business men, lawyers and scientists. The more of this stable group we can develop, the higher will be our social group generally. No more important problem confronts us as a nation or particularly as a church, for we try consistently to develop leadership.

Martha

By Irene C. McCullough

MARTHA stood in the little stone doorway gazing out absently over the low rolling hills. The sun was lazily saying farewell to the world for another day and was pulling home the last few golden streamers that flitted in and out of the tiny valleys.

"He seems tired, too," she mused. Martha was more tired than she cared to admit and also rather out of sorts. The day had been a long and strenuous one.

The huge stone steps leading down to the flower invested arbor were immaculately clean. Two beautiful white pigeons were making love in the gnarled old olive tree. Several others were still arguing over a plentiful supply of bread crumbs Martha had thrown out to them a few moments ago. She glanced back into the kitchen. Everything there was spick and span, even the smooth boards on the floor shone like polished wood wherever they chanced to peep between the silky sheepskins. The brightly colored earthen vessels were setting proudly on the shelves and the copper and iron kettles were resting in their respective places, quite aware of the fact that the last rays of the setting sun were making their polished faces shine like silver and gold. The room did look enticing. Martha had the satisfaction of knowing that every nook and corner was painfully clean, but that did not seem to cheer her tonight.

"A clean hearth is the least of her

troubles," she said half aloud. "Tomorrow it will be the same, rush through her work, just half doing it so she can go and listen to him. I would like to go also but what kind of a house would we have if I rushed away too. The neighbors would soon cease to praise and follow our example as worthy housekeepers."

Martha sat down on the wide old steps of the terrace. The sun had at last gone to rest, leaving the little village of Bethany to the evening shadows. The low rock houses with their flat roofs looked like small fortresses as they climbed to the top of the rolling hills. From here one could see the Mount of Olives which hid the city of Jerusalem from view.

"That must be them now just coming over the top of the hill. Yes, I'm sure it is. Mary's hanging onto His arm as usual and drinking in every word He has to say as if it were the breath of life."

Martha stopped, her last words startled her for a moment, but only for a moment, for the aroma of hot bread ready to be turned out made her hasten into the kitchen. The huge iron kettle hanging over the red coals needed stirring. It was steaming forth its savory story also.

LEISURELY Mary and this man Jesus climbed up the steps to the wide open terrace where was set a dainty table all ready for the belated evening meal. Four places were made ready, for Martha loved Him very much and always had a place at the table for Him and a bed made ready for His coming.

The two were so earnestly engaged in conversation that they did not notice Martha until she interrupted their serious interview with, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone, clean the house and make ready for your coming?"

"Sister," exclaimed Mary, "pray let the house work wait for a short while. The days are few and far between that I can sit at the Master's feet and learn. I beg you be not angry, I will make amends as soon as he has to leave us again."

Martha by now was too angry to heed the pleadings of her younger sister. Again she appealed to the Master. "Lord, bid her mend her ways and help me more."

Jesus raised his sad eyes to Martha's angry face and said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful about many things but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

The deepened flush faded from Martha's beautiful face and a look of tenderness gradually took its place. Jesus contiued. "Man can not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

Night had settled over the little town of Bethany. A large white moon was trailing across the starlit dome. Under the gnarled old olive tree hung with spring blossoms sat this man Jesus, and kneeling at his feet were Mary, Martha and their brother Lazarus. Asking and receiving eternal truths. The food on the little stone table was still untouched. It had long ceased to send forth steaming, appetizing odors.

The Little Things of Childhood

By Caroline Eyring Miner

MY childhood's happiness was measured out in little things. Was yours? I bless my mother who knew so much about children and their joy in little things. Perhaps, too, I should give thanks to poverty and a large family which made only simple things possible.

I shall pick at random from my memories of childhood the bright spots polished with the joy of little things. And first will come birthdays—so simple their joy and yet still so bright and sparkling. On my birthday I was the queen of the day—mother saw to that. I could play to my heart's content without the responsibility of a single odd job to worry me. I was allowed also to make a batch of Boston Cream candy—so simple to make that no one needed to help me. Father always gave us nickels on our birthdays, one for each year of our age, and the mission of little nickels was never more happily fulfilled.

CHRISTMAS was memorable in so many little ways. To me Christmas days were the pivots on which the years were fastened and they seemed to be eternities apart. Nevertheless when they did come they were worth all the waiting; all traditions of the day were so real to me that I have actually thought I heard Santa's sleigh bells and the hoof clicks of his reindeers even in the sunny Southwest many and many a Christmas night. Santa never saw fit to over-indulge us but the little things were loved just as much. The largest doll I ever had in my life was only eighteen inches long and had only a cloth body but it was none the less loved and cared for as well as any big doll could have been.

The happiest Christmas I remember was the one on which we *made* even our Christmas tree. It was impossible to get any kind of an evergreen tree so we found an old leafless tree, put it in a can of rocks and tied bunches of mistletoe all over it and then decorated it with popcorn, red and green paper chains and cotton. It was really a beautiful Christmas tree.

STORE candy" was a real treat to us. Mother used to drive the horse and buggy to a neighboring town ten miles away to shop about once a week. When we could expect her back in the evenings we would run for a mile to meet her to hang onto the back of the buggy and suck the long sticks of chocolate stick candy which she brought. No candy I have ever eaten since has remained in my memory as such a delicacy.

I WAS twelve years old when I saw my first picture show—and that was in these so-called movie days, for I am not old yet. We simply had no money for such things. But what a thrill that first show was! I had had the pleasure of anticipating it for months as it was the prize to be attained for perfect attendance at Primary for the summer months. Incidentally, it was difficult to keep up Primary attendance in our ward during the summer but not to get me to go, for it was one of my greatest pleasures. I don't recall all that this first show was about but among

other things there was an educational reel on fish hatcheries and I have ever since had a warm spot in my heart for the unromantic things.

MY mother's happy smile and appreciative and endearing words at finding the house all cleaned up when she returned from Relief Society meeting or from some duty connected with her office of president of the Relief Society, were little things that filled my childhood with real joy. What did it matter that every loose thing had been tucked in the machine drawer out of sight or that innumerable out-of-place things crouched shamefully beneath the bed, when mother knew that the important things for her little girls were her smile and praise.

BOOKS I received in childhood, Black Beauty, Heidi, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, I still prize as my choicest possessions—little things that have grown bigger with the years.

THEY were little things, these brightly polished moments of my childhood and perhaps yours are also. I venture, too, that my children and yours will treasure and value the little, the simple things of their childhood. Like the boy who was given an extravagant plaything and spent the afternoon playing with the box and the string that it had come in, our children will pass over the artificial and complicated experiences, to polish and brighten, and relive the simple little joys of childhood.

HERE COMES APRIL

B. M. R.

Here comes lovely April,
In her emerald gown,
Trailing fleecy cloudlets
From her diamond crown.
Smiling through the raindrops,
Coquetting with the hours,
Coaxing out the little leaves
For future shady bowers.

Mother Nature, radiant,
Sings a happy song,
Wooing with warm breezes
Flowers who've slept so long,
Spilling gold on daffodils,
Scattering choice perfume,
Waking all the songbirds
To join her merry tune.

Lovely lady April,
Tripping down the hill,
Caresses all the pussies
Growing by the rill.
Then, with graceful curtsy
To her sister May,
Who has come to meet her,
She hastens on her way.

The Family Doctor

By Drucilla Holmes McFarland

ONCE upon a time a good queen sent her family physician into a humble cottage to bring back from the doors of death, a little child. She hoped to spare the anguished parents a heartache, to relieve the suffering of the babe, and to save a soul for an earthly career. All this she accomplished, and more.

As the story goes, the good queen, who telegraphed her family physician at London to make the long trip to the cottage on the Braemar Estate in North Scotland, was rewarded by seeing the little child of her beloved and long childless old servant, restored by the physician's constant attention until the crisis was past. An artist was inspired by the act, to paint for humankind a picture of that noble deed, a picture which has come down through the ages, touching with a finger of reverence, the hearts of countless thousands of people who see it, the world over.

I first saw the picture when but a child. It was in the waiting room of our family doctor. I hardly knew the value of art but the pathos there portrayed gripped me, as did something else which I could not then have named.

Nearly half a million people surged and milled at the exposition grounds of the Century of Progress in Chicago. The traffic officers and fairground officials found themselves the victims of a situation beyond their power to control. On the carnival side of the grounds congestion was so dense that there was danger of a stampede on slight provocation and a steady call for ambulance and nurse service. We sought breathing space in another direction and so came to the Hall of Science, and there was disclosed the picture with its interpretation. Among those wonderful discoveries and inventions of genius to which man has conformed, a maze of medical research and accomplishment paid tribute to the doctor's profession, relative life and death, through its masters: Pasteur, Lister, Mayo Brothers, and others. On a side avenue, in a thatched cottage, we found the keynote—the heart throb of appreciation. It was a life-size, life-like replica of that famous painting by Sir Luke Fildes which was inspired by the good Queen. (This new art form of "Sculpticolor" was a part of the Petrologar exhibit.) We were invited to enter the cottage. Once within the portal, a curtained alcove suggested to us, "quiet." We tiptoed inside, then stopped in awe. The men in the party removed their hats. The ladies drew forth handkerchiefs and furtively wiped their eyes. Before us lived the characters of the picture. * * * Dawn is breaking and sifting eerie light through the geraniums in the curtained window of a forester's humble home. The picture defines the figure of a woman prostrate across the wooden table. Her husband stands beside her, his face registering convulsive sobs barely under control, his hand outstretched to her shoulder. A little stronger light from an oil lamp across the room reveals the cause of their despair: a stricken child, lying upon pillows on two chairs. The rounded brow is fevered; fringed lashes arc over darkening eyes; a weakening pulse relaxes little hands lying so pathetically helpless. As the father instills into his suffering mate a little of his tender strength through

the hand upon her body, his eyes remain intent upon the Doctor, watching at the side of the child. The Doctor—Ah! There is the real light in the picture—not the oil lamp's fitful glow, not the dawn, but the hope to which the father clings by his trust in a fellowman. Now, see the intent solicitude of that good man. He realizes the potence of his position with the destiny of this bit of humanity in his hands. He feels the trust of the loving parents in his skill. He prays that God will be merciful to His medium.

THE fair is over, with all its splendor, its education, its inspiration, leaving a memory of color and glorious lights, colossal accomplishments in science and industry interspersed with art and religion and the carnival element, and withal a great deal of respect for the splendid intelligences that have produced an almost unbelievable development in man's sphere during one century.

Much of this panoramic film will fade. The significance of some will be lost entirely, as urgent material responsibilities again take possession of our minds. Much, however, is real gain. That part which we have taken time and trouble to absorb will be permanently rooted in our gardens of thought, there to develop the fruits of knowledge. We have profited most by those contacts which have stamped deeper, our earlier impressions. Just so, I find my mind reverting to that vivid portrait of "The Doctor," and I see that it has always been outlined on my mind, however faintly. The colors have deepened gradually and the features have become more and more distinct until now the imprint is complete.

In our school day career, our picture was begun. You had out-dared all the following line of comrades by sliding head first down the straw stack. But you won your laurels at high cost. Children do. You were awed and a little afraid of the big brusque Doctor when he came to set your fractured limb. How you trembled at his touch. He did hurt you and you cried, but when he had gone you wished him back again to ease your pain and to bolster courage with his presence. That was the first stroke of the brush that was to portray the hero.

Time went on and he was nearly forgotten. The blurred canvas waited long for the artist's touch again. Finally, the most important event of life was at hand and your days were filled with fine aspirations for your coming child, and with resolutions to make of yourself a perfect pattern. Again you were afraid—this time of yourself: inexperienced, incapable; so you sought your family doctor, and he did not disappoint you. His own pleasure at a family reunion could not hold him against your imperative call. And when, after the travail through which he so patiently led you, he presented you with that symbol of your happiness, your first baby, was there not a hint of triumph in his tone as he said, "Well done, my girl, excellent indeed."

CAME a day of real need of all your strength and stamina. The family Doctor was one of us throughout a seemingly endless night. Our vigil was his, and when our efforts were over, he pressed down those darkened lids and smoothed the lines around the fading mouth and moulded dimpled waxen fingers naturalistically above the silent form. And then he went out to you, broken and sobbing in your corner, and said, "Come and see her now, my dear. Look at the smile gathering to take the place of yester-

day's suffering. She is at rest." And he led you out again. I loved him then, for doing for you, what none other had the power to do at that moment.

And later, when your child had gone astray, in anguish of spirit you sought your family doctor. Remember his words? "Don't scold this child, my dear. Yours is the sin, not his. You are mature—you know the pitfalls of mortal life and you did not guard him well enough." Cruel words? No, after the first sear of censure, you were willing, even anxious to bear his blame. Your eyes were opened farther to your responsibility in parenthood. You would not make that mistake again.

Tears fell because of the love in our hearts when we recognized in the Filde Masterpiece the characteristics of our own doctor. Was there also one of regret that this good old-fashioned type might be passing? The modern physician marches to the tune of progression in the uniform of the specialist. Life is changeable and fleeting but as long as the "human touch" endures, wholesome paintings will adorn its Memory Hall.

Filde's "Family Doctor" is not extinct. You and I are as fortunate as Royalty in that the doctor's profession still gives untold opportunity for Christ-like service. Our pioneer doctors found it imperative to obey this impulse. Some of them are still here. They are deserving of a bouquet exhaling the fragrance of appreciation.

My family doctor answered the call to service in the 80's when an accident—it was a fractured bone—showed him the crying need of professional skill in a new country. Intense suffering followed the clumsy first-aid of friends and a resulting crippled limb brought him to a decision to do his part to end the unnecessary torture and inadequate facilities encountered in the frontier towns. A true pioneer, he hewed to the line with little thought of self. It was the same determination that possessed the plucky rail-splitter who finally brought freedom to the entire colored race.

LIKE the Pony Express, the pioneer country doctor depended upon fast horses for transportation. Spirited animals were necessary for emergency calls into outlying districts. Deep mud, often to the hubs of his carriage, was encountered during the wet seasons of spring and autumn, as was heavy snow in winter. There were no improved highways then, no snow plows unless it were the farmer's steers or horses, driven from one farm-stead to another to trample down a trail. If the trip was too long to be made by team, an engine was chartered from the railroad yards and with the engineer, the fireman, and the doctor with his satchel aboard, it raced out alone to save a life. Once arrived at the nearest point of his destination, he was met with a sleigh or buggy and often a long cold ride was ahead.

Finding need of an operation, the doctor must improvise a hospital, in which case all furniture was removed from the room to be used. That there might be no break in technique, he supervised the washing of walls and table with disinfectant and sterilized his own equipment. Frequently at night by oil lamp or candle light, he undertook the hazardous task, praying silently for Heavenly guidance of his hands.

I know one of these white-haired "young" doctors, who has accompanied woman-kind down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death five

thousand and two-hundred times in the position of her champion. Utah, justly proud of her lovely children, might join in his praise, for if no other service were accredited him than his accomplishments in obstetrics, that would stand as a monument.

Perhaps another can equal or even excel this record. Because your family physician does not advertise his score of maternity cases or his major operations, is no proof of his insignificance. Most truly great men do not hire press agents.

Busy with his calling, our hero has little time for meditation. Only you and I may see his reflection in life's fountain: on his countenance the strength of conquering and the benignity that comes from serving God, through fellowman; but though his deeds are unportrayed and his praises unsung, he is enthroned with reverence within our hearts.

Such blood will supply the stream that trends upward through another century of progress.

"And Some in Velvet Gowns"

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

MRS. SMITH is a devoted garden worker. From early March until late October she spends several hours a day in her garden planting, digging, weeding, watering, culling and all the thousand odd duties it takes to produce a lovely garden. You can tell, even if you've never seen Mrs. Smith's backyard fairyland, that she is a real, dirt-digging, sun-loving gardener, because otherwise Mrs. Smith would never, never possess those broken, blackened fingernails, that deep red burn on the back of her neck that no beauty parlor operator can ever rid her of. Nor would she have that permanent sun-squint that has made a fine network of wrinkles about her eyes. And if Mrs. Smith was of the age or disposition to wear rolled hose, doubtless you might notice that her knees bear that pecular earth stain that never seems to disappear completely during the gardening season.

Mrs. Smith will tell you laughingly if she catches you looking askance at those nails that she "just can't abide gloves" when she's working in the garden. She likes the feel of the warm earth on her bare hands, even if it does do queer things to her nails. Also, she usually works in an old, short-sleeved jersey dress. It never shows the dirt, you know. (But you know that too without the telling. Those arms have that peculiar, sunburned-potato hue that is more eloquent even than Mrs. Smith's explanation.) No, she seldom wears a hat. All her old dress hats are the small kind, and she doesn't like to buy one just for the garden. Later on she'll spend two or three times the price of a garden hat on creams and lotions trying to get rid of her ultra tan, but when one is fortyish sunburn is more easily acquired than lost. All in all, it seems a pity that Mrs. Smith should be the only discordant note in the loveliness of her flower garden.

Summer gardens are full of Mrs. Smiths. Grotesque enough figures they are sometimes. An otherwise well-dressed lady spends hours digging in her garden attired in an old

pink satin skirt and one of those things designed for boudoir wear we used to call a "saque." Her entire garden isn't behind her house, either. Others appear in motley ensembles of old bedroom slippers (pompoms still attached), college son's old athletic sweater, the white letter looming large, and a topping of somebody's discarded golf cap. High fashion in head gear seems to be dad's old felt hat. It has at least a semblance of a brim, even if it does have a habit of perching high and lightly as a summer's cloud upon the feminine head. Garden dresses can be and are "just anything handy." The result of this hit and miss garbing is that the mistress of the garden quite frequently looks as though she were subbing for the family scarecrow.

All of which is quite wrong. Gardening is an activity which occupies much time and costs considerable money for at least six monhts of the year. It is work that is done in semi-public, and in the full path of wind and sun. Gardeners should be sightly to the first and protected from the second if they are to continue to be classed as lovely ladies. Hence a special garden wardrobe is quite in the way of being a necessity, as well as a pleasure.

First of all there should be a suitable dress. Some gardeners wear overalls, and some wear beach pajamas, but unless you are quite in the willowy class, skirts are better. A smock, just as gay or quiet as to color as you wish, is quite as useful to the gardener as it is to the artist. Not any kind of smock will do. It must be one that comes well up on the back of the neck and has sleeves to the wrist to protect white arms. A smock has the advantage that it can be slipped on over a housedress without loss of time for odd moments in the garden. Big patch pockets are convenient for stray packages of seed, and such.

A garden hat is a prime necessity. A big hat that spreads over the back of the neck and casts ample shadows on that "v" in the front of the dress opening is the kind to have. The brim must be stiff enough not to flop, however, or the wearer will be at the mercy of every teasing breeze. Big hats can be so decorative, too.

And then the gloves. There are gardeners who claim they simply cannot become used to working in gloves. They can, if they start with the softer, smaller kinds, and keep them on persistently through every kind of work.

Low-heeled oxfords are best to wear in the garden. Your old high-heeled shoes may be perfectly comfortable, but they do just as much damage to your lawn as they would to a golf green, and they are never tolerated there. Bedroom slippers are out. Like the camel's pad, they do not sink into the sand and loam, but they are hard on the arches as well as unsightly out-of-doors. Cotton stockings do not snag on rose thorns as easily as do silk.

Other garden accessories include a thick rubber sponge mat to kneel upon, a substantial basket to hold trowel, shears, seeds, and small tools, and for those with sensitive eyes, a pair of sun goggles.

Simple things, these, but they make all the difference between gardening comfortably and attractively, and the absolute opposite. Go out into your garden dressed for the occasion and you will come through the season unweathered and unbegrimed, with no mark upon you but the added sparkle to your eyes and skin that fresh air and exercise can always give you.

MEXICAN POPPY

Photo by D W Green

How Prayers Are Answered

By Nora A. Davis

INSTINCTIVELY we human beings turn to prayer because we can't help ourselves. Prayer being so natural we do not often analyze the process, but when we do, we can observe how securely it is based upon some of the laws of life and the universe. By careful consideration we can see that when we pray we unwittingly subject ourselves to a great principle, "There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the world was upon which all blessings are predicated. And when we obtain any blessing from God it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." This being an unyielding law, it is evident that prayers are efficacious when they are in harmony with this controlling force, as all laws work under certain bounds and conditions; so as we proceed, let us treat some of these basic elements in their relationship to prayer.

One of the mighty powers of this earth is the law of faith. It is fundamental in prayer, and is visible throughout all the handiwork of God; therefore, prayer to be answered must be vitalized by an abundance of faith in God's power, love, and wisdom. We must also believe that when we pray in the name of Jesus Christ we connect ourselves with another governing law of this earth. The greater our faith, the surer our prayers are to be answered, as the stronger our faith the better the laws of prayer function.

Another basic law of prayer is humility. All nature submits to the divine will, so a praying person should say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." We reach out and harmonize ourselves with the great plan if we subject our personal desires to those of God's. When we insist on having our own way, we cease to cooperate with divinity and get out of accord with the other forces for good in the universe. However, such determined prayers may sometimes be answered, but instead of bringing joy they often produce sorrow.

A fundamental requisite in the law of prayer is obedience. We have been commanded to "pray always." If we faithfully pray we have that far kept the law, all the universe needs to obey or chaos and confusion would soon reign. So man is no exception if he wants his prayers answered, he too must obey.

Among the essential laws of prayer we find the law of action. Prayer is never a substitute for work, but a guide for it; consequently, the Lord can help us most by our helping ourselves under His divine influence. This is as it should be as nothing is static in nature; everything is struggling upwards under the directing influence of God and His powerful laws. So we would be insincere and out of harmony with the other laws of God, if we prayed for a thing and failed to make every honorable effort to get it. For after all, our real prayers are our actions. Only after we have done all in our power can we ask the Lord to use super-human agencies in our behalf.

Gratitude is another one of these laws. For only the thankful person can appreciate or realize the full answer to his prayers. Ungrateful individuals cannot respond to the mercies of God, and get the spiritual joy out of the blessings they receive through their prayers. Observe the plant and animal world, how they express gratitude by responding nobly to the mercies of God. Then when we see man refuse to admit gratefully his blessings, we know to

a certain extent he is not really praying to God. How much happier we would be, and how much more beautiful and beneficial our prayers would be if we gave the Lord more praise and thanks instead of making our petitions just requests.

When man prays he also employs the great law of free agency. Because there is good and evil in the world, man must choose continually between the two. When he prays he appeals to his better self and reserve power, and calls his spiritual nature to enlist in the cause of righteousness. While he prays to God, he also prays to his higher self. As no man dares ask the Lord for evil, the very act of praying is uplifting. Therefore, we may say prayers are answered if a man rises from his prayers a better man. The spiritual and moral benefits come to him, even though his specific request is denied. From the great, unseen world he receives the courage and strength he needs.

WE observe that the prayers of the brethren holding the priesthood are more efficacious than ordinary prayers. Evidently the power they hold to act in the name of God makes it possible for them to employ more powerful and effective agencies, and because of this increased command of laws their prayers are more efficient. May it not be that that is the reason Enoch could command mountains to be removed and it was accomplished?

IT seems personal contact makes prayer more powerful. A notable example of this type of prayer is that of the woman who touched the Savior's robe in a crowd, and was instantly healed. This kind of prayer is advised by James as follows: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Why does this prayer of personal contact make the elder's administration more influential? It could be that it closes the spiritual circuit between the sick and the elders so that a more potent law is enlisted in behalf of the afflicted one. Also the psychological effects could more logically follow.

How can one question that family prayer in the home wields a mighty influence for good? A group sincerely praying together are blessed abundantly. It may be compared to lighting a furnace fire on a cold day. Before long by the law of radiation, the home is warm and cheery. So prayer in the home invites the mighty laws of God to warm, purify, and safeguard the members of that family. No home can well afford to fail in making these great benefits available.

All our lives we have been taught to pray for the authorities of the Church and government. But even then sometimes we wonder what benefits our little prayers are to men so capable and well blessed already. At least, we feel our prayers keep us loyal, so we continue to pray for them. However, it is not our prayers alone, but the great accumulation of prayers of all the Church that sustains the authorities. The grand total of petitions mobilizes a spiritual army of laws to uphold, support, and strengthen them. We also pray for the missionaries while they are in the field, and they pray for themselves, and as a result, they almost always succeed in their labor.

I SUPPOSE we have all wondered how the Lord could hear the petitions of the two billion people of the world. Since the day of radio we

can understand how He can actually hear our prayers, Himself or by His organization; but does He physically hear all the supplications of the world? Of course He hears and answers our prayers, but He does it in a Godly way. When we know more about the Supreme Being, the more convinced we will be that prayers are surely answered. It could be possible for God to hear and answer our supplications through His divine, mighty, and universal laws. He would know when we prayed to Him, and our prayers were answered by the functioning of His laws. Having a perfect knowledge of the laws of prayer He would be aware when they were obeyed, and by His consent the blessings predicated on the laws would come in answer.

We may say in conclusion that when we obey the laws of prayer our prayers are answered. We obey the laws of health and we receive health; we obey the laws of education by our study and constant effort and we secure an education. Just so prayers are answered as a result of obedience, for they are invariably and wisely answered even if the answer is not always in the affirmative and immediate.

Bulbs and Bloom in Holland

Dear Mina,

When I caught my first glimpse of a Dutch windmill and a thatched roof and bed of tulips from the train window, my mind went racing back to the days I spent with you in your grandmother's clean kitchen eating her good Dutch cookies and listening to her stories about this country.

I almost felt guilty to be here while you who have always wanted to visit the land of your people were so far away. Do you remember the dramatic story, "The Black Tulip," we read, about a rare bulb that was worth thousands of guilders and was constantly disappearing in spite of the careful guarding of the grower who had supposedly produced it, and how excited we were over the mysteries and intrigues involved. Do you recall that your grandmother told us she was sure there never had been a truly black tulip, but that away back in the sixteenth century after tulip bulbs had been brought from Asia where they grew wild, and were cultivated in Europe, they became so popular among the aristocracy of some of the countries that they caused panics? I recall that she said men speculated in rare bulbs that didn't exist and that many people, as I recall some of your own ancestors, lost "houses and lands, diamonds and pearls, cows, horses and carriages," in exchange for "rare bulbs."

Some of the bulbs may have been faked. But surely there must have been truly precious ones even in those days to produce the glorious blooms in Holland now.

There are other beautiful flowers besides the tulip in these great beds of bloom that look like magic carpets stretched upon the earth. The colors range through all the tints and shades of blue, red, pink, lavender, purple, orange, gold, cream and white.

I wish you could have gone with me to the fields at Haarlem, not far from the lovely city of Amsterdam, the Venice of the North where your grandmother used to live. You would have loved the ride out past the little Dutch village with children

in wooden shoes playing hop-scotch in clean swept yards; past green meadows with cows and little flocks of sheep feeding peacefully along little winding streams with trees in clumps or rows, just bursting into leaf. You would have loved the wonderful breath of the hyacinths and narcissus that filled the air. You would have enjoyed walking along the little paths between the beds, stooping to examine the exquisite shapes of the lovely clusters or the individual blossoms as they swayed like bright butterflies on their long stalks.

You would have liked, too, the information the genial bulb-farmer gave so graciously and would have responded to his genuine affection for his flowers. He talked of the beauties of some of his favorites as a fond mother talks of her children.

Because you are so interested in flowers and are eager to add to your own beautiful bulb plots I'm going to relay some of the information I received. You may know much of it already, but you'll listen again because this comes from your beloved Holland.

There are nearly 2,000 varieties of tulips in cultivation. If you are interested to become acquainted with them by name you may do so by procuring an 80 page booklet published by the Royal Horticultural Society of London.

About 17,000 acres of land are devoted to the growth of bulbs and the annual amount received from exporting them is nearly 17 million dollars. Some varieties of tulips are very expensive, single beds are valued at thousands of dollars.

Some of the most exquisite tulips that have been produced by the long careful work of bulb-growers are the Rembrandt with striped cups, reminding one of the painter's flower pieces; and the Darwin, lovely gold blossoms on long straight stalks.

New varieties are produced by crossing old types, as you know, hybridizing. In this manner many new and startling blossoms have been produced. I saw tulips as large as hollyhocks and of colors from deep purple—almost black—through all shades of red, rose, orange, pink, cream, to snowy white; and some the most astonishing mixtures of colors.

The grower told me that these Mendel tulips, as he calls the hybrids, are giving marvelous satisfaction to all tastes.

You know, of course, that hyacinths are also grown from the bulb as well as from seed. I didn't know that the normal development of young hyacinth bulbs from the mother bulb takes so long—from five to six years—nor that to increase their quantity "cutting" is used—making incisions in the lower part of a large bulb, in which by careful treatment young bulbs grow to maturity in three or four years. They also hollow out the roots of a bulb and in the hollow left, young bulbs develop.

I was informed that the development of young bulbs can be speeded by artificial heat. The parent bulbs are placed in heated storehouses where a proper temperature is kept. The bulbs grow better if the flowers are stripped off as soon as they appear. It seemed terrible to see great heaps of lovely blossoms lying in some fields.

An interesting fact to me was that diseased hyacinths cannot be detected in sunlight. At intervals men go through the fields holding huge umbrellas to shade the beds from the sunshine in order to detect by the appearance of the leaves if a plant is diseased. Such plants are removed and destroyed.

In this flower-land all the bulbs meant for sale are carefully inspected as soon as they are dried. A piece is cut off at the neck of the bulb under the root crown. The inspector can thus tell whether the bulb is healthy or diseased.

Planting time for bulbs starts in September. They are placed in carefully manured soil. Here in Holland they never plant the same kind of bulb twice in the same land, but alternate hyacinths with tulips. The narcissus is also a favorite of the Holland flower grower. These plants have been repeatedly crossed also, so there are many novelties.

I saw a wonderful flower show while I was in Holland where there were not only these ordinary bulb flowers, but lovely iris almost as beautiful as orchids, anemones—one of the most perfect bore your name, Wilhelmina, the name of the Holland princess, now her majesty the queen, for whom you were christened. It looked like a butterfly resting on a slender green stalk — I wished I might pick it and send it along in this letter. There were stately lilies and gorgeous peonies and amaryllis—forced of course for the exhibition, but making such a wonderful array of form and color and exhaling such perfume, that I felt I must have stepped into paradise. And how I wished, my dear, that you were there with me, doubling my happiness as sharing pleasures with loved ones always adds to the joy.

My hotel is near your queen's royal palace. When I passed there yesterday I kissed my fingers toward it for you, but I said in my thoughts, "You may be a queen, your majesty, and sit on a gilded throne, but you can't be any sweeter or dearer or truer than your little namesake far across the seas who loves your lovely country though she has seen you both only in her dreams."

Good night, my dear. Sometime you'll see it and enjoy it too.

Neleh.

The Rainy Day Surprise Box

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

"WHAT can we do, Mother?" sighed three young voices on a rainy morning. It was too stormy to play outside, but little hands and minds must be kept busy or they are apt to get into mischief. What could I give them to do? I was frequently confronted with the same question on rainy days, convalescent days and other stay-at-home days.

In dismay, I looked around for an answer to this perplexing, yet oft recurring problem. The children had an abundance of toys—as witness the confusion in the living room. From beneath the davenport peeked a small, red-cheeked, china doll; under the table was a bright blue ball; a half dozen marbles lay scattered hither and yon; a whole fleet of small cars and trucks threatened pedestrian traffic from front door to back.

I can hear some of you say, "Why let the children scatter their playthings all over the house?" If you live in as small a house as mine, where the only possible play room is dreary and dark on dull stay-in-door-days, you are forced as I am to permit the children to play in the family living rooms. What a blessing it would be if every home could have a big sunny room in the most cheerful corner of the house where the children could play without upsetting the rest of the family.

As I looked in dismay at my erstwhile tidy living room, an idea came to me—why not a Rainy Day Surprise Box? It would serve three purposes: First it would help to keep this scattered array of underfoot impedimenta from messing up my otherwise clean home; it would answer the oft recurring question, "What can we do?"; but more important to me at the moment, it would take care of my present urgent need. Preparing the Rainy Day Surprise Box would keep three little minds and six little hands busy this inclement day.

MARSHALLING my young forces together, we went to work. It took but a moment of tactful explanation to completely win their whole hearted support. While I hunted up a good stout box to hold numerous smaller boxes, the three engrossed children started a systematic search for scattered toys. Everything was brought into one room. Each child brought his personal drawer in which he kept his own playthings. Toys of every description were all brought to the clearing-house for the big event.

Each child was given a choice of a few things he could keep out to play with at any time. There was much choosing and rechoosing before little minds were made up. Of course, doll beds and other large pieces of doll furniture, tricycles, scooters and such things did not enter into the program. Just the multitude of small toys were to be put into the Rainy Day Surprise Box.

Drawers, cupboards, and the neighborhood grocery yielded a goodly supply of small boxes of tin, wood, and cardboard, of various sizes and shapes.

After everything was gathered together, each child was assigned a collecting job. Even the two year old baby took great delight in picking out all the marbles and dropping them in a small screw-top can. (I was careful to use only those tin cans which did not have sharp edges to cut little fingers.)

Paper dolls, valentines and such things were put in manilla envelopes and properly labelled. These were then all placed in a flat box together. The large fleet of automobiles and trucks were stored in a stout cardboard garage. A bevy of small dolls were tucked cosily in a cheery Christmas-box-bed by two loving little hands. Perhaps the most interesting of all would later prove to be the miscellaneous box. In this box were stored odds and ends which really had no relationship to each other. But each article was something which the children loved to play with occasionally. There were little bottles, an aspirin box (empty of course), a ring box, a horn, a set of jacks, a ball or two, several small mechanical toys, and a few things never meant for toys but which were liked for some unknown reason.

After everything was stowed away in its particular container, all of the boxes were neatly packed in the large box. The large Rainy Day Surprise Box was then placed on a closet shelf with the definite understanding that only Mother or Daddy would open it to take out a smaller box.

What a difference this clearance made in the looks of play-drawers, and floors. There was no longer a multitude of small toys to be scattered around and left when interest in them waned. Even the children remarked how good it was not to have so many things around to make a mess.

THE Surprise Box was soon forgotten as other interests presented themselves. But the first rainy day brought a joyous remembrance of the boxful of toys put away for just such an occasion. Each child was given a choice of one box. Two year old Tim was thrilled once again with his fleet of little cars. Five year old Nancy later said she had never had so much fun playing with her little dolls, and the paper dolls brought a new joy to the heart of seven year old Sally.

AS each child neatly replaced his toys in the Rainy Day Surprise Box for another rainy day, Sally said, "Mother, we don't mind wet days when we have something new to play with. These things were new to us because we haven't played with them for so long."

Games, puzzles, sewing sets, hammer-nail sets, spelling boards, and modeling clay took on new interest when they were brought forth on a sick-a-bed-days and rainy days. And so our problem of "What can we do?" was answered in this simple little plan of the Rainy Day Surprise Box.

COMING

By Lydia Hall

Cold winds are blowing 'round my home,
The sun's forgot to shine,
There's still some snow upon the ground
But hope and joy are mine.

For robin redbreast came today
And sang a song of cheer
"Cheer up, cheer up," he said to me,
"Springtime will soon be here."

The Littlest One

By Olive Maiben Nicholes

LINDA TALLIFER looked searchingly at her own haggard reflection in the mottled depth of the old mirror. She had been awake since three o'clock, turning the idea over and over in her mind; but at last she had come to the one conclusion—the only *reasonable* way out. She had thought of it once or twice in a vague sort of way but that had been before she had known for sure. Now she knew as she should have known in the past four months—she who had been a mother ten times in twice as many years. If she had only been sure at first! How was she to know that a woman of forty-seven who hadn't borne a child for six years was to begin all over again. But now she knew and her knowledge would set her free!

She crushed the shabby, brown hat down over her faded hair and gathered the black, cotton gloves into her shaking hand. Tom was still asleep; she had made sure of that. Poor, dear Tom! The decision strengthened within her as she looked at the pale lids closed over the sightless eyes. He had been so handsome and strong when he had courted her. She had waited each night at the crossing to wave at him when the Flier thundered through Brighton with Tom Tallifer at the throttle. They had married with every prospect bright for the future. The children had come along with the regularity of the seasons and life had been sweet and strong. Then the fearful wreck ten years ago when Tom had become the tragic victim of another's carelessness. To be sure, Donelly had paid with his life, but to Tom there had come no such swift respite. He had been doomed to a living death that seemed to intensify with the years.

She carefully drew the shade as she slipped by him into the adjoining room where her two boys lay stretched out in the deep untroubled sleep of childhood. These two boys must have their chance—selling papers was no way out for them.

She could hear the little girls talking quietly in the front room where the three of them shared the big couch together. She turned back and went out at the side gate and crossed behind the old round house. She was more than anxious to avoid Dan who would be coming home now from his work as nightwatch at the shops. Well, he wouldn't be there much longer. Helen would be ready to teach next month and together they would send him to Law School.

SHE walked rapidly on with fresh determination until she reached the big elm beside the Doctor's gate. That Dr. McGan was "in" was borne out by his horse and carriage at the hitching post. The drowsy horse and mud-spattered wheels told her he had just returned from an all-night ride. She hesitated an instant, a little fearful to disturb him, but the insistent tapping beneath her heart forced her through the gate and up the path to the door.

Old Jessica, who had been the Doctor's nurse and then his housekeeper, opened the door with a belligerent glint in her eye.

"The Doctor's not for seein' yez this mornin'," she announced.

"I won't be long," Linda mur-

mured, twisting the cotton gloves; and trying not to break down before the austere gaze of the old woman.

"Why, Linda! It's Dan Steven's girl, isn't it?" The doctor had heard her voice and had come in to the vestibule that opened out from his office.

"I wanted to see you for a minute," she began apologetically, feeling all at once very tired and futile and heart-sick.

He waved the stony-eyed Jessica aside and took Linda's hand and led her into the office.

"Tom worse?" he asked kindly as he settled her gently in his great leather chair.

She shook her head and looked at him tearfully. She had meant to be brave and commanding, to win him over by the sane logic of her request. But somehow she could not find words to begin. Her tongue seemed paralyzed, her brain numb, her voice dead.

"In trouble, Linda?" he asked searching her tortured face for an answer.

Then she seemed to find speech all at once and poured out the entire, unhappy story:—her plans for the children, poverty, hard work, and then the new baby's coming that spelled nothing but disaster to all her hopes. He must help her; he could if he would. She couldn't let this intruder ruin all their lives.

He listened to her in silence, his heart torn between pity and despair.

"I couldn't, Linda," he said huskily when she had finished. "Even if I had no fear of the law, I could never face Alice and the boy—over there. You must let me help you in some other way. Help your children to help themselves. You mustn't let Helen foist her ideas on Dan. You would let her make a poor lawyer out of a good mechanic. Have you really wondered why she wanted to stay on to school all summer after her graduation?"

"Why, she needed another course to get into a high school position; it will pay better than the grades," she retorted.

"Helen will never teach school, Linda; she is too busy planning her trousseau," he answered kindly.

"How dare you say that?" she demanded, all "mother" at once.

"You mustn't be hard on her, Linda; love is selfish as well as blind. She couldn't leave and come home last spring with Charlie Kennedy still so uncertain as to his matrimonial inclinations. It's a good match, Linda. He has ability—to make money. Helen has the brains to spend it."

She was crying wildly now and he waited a moment before he pulled the little table between them and placed the tray of hot food, the repentant Jessica had left outside his door.

"Come now," he demanded with his best operating-room voice. "Let's thrash this thing out. Here you've been planning your children's lives and ruining your's and Tom's. Do you ever realize you are giving them all you have and asking nothing in return?"

"They will help me out when I'm old and done for," she bridled. "Every one of them will pay me back 'heaped up and running over.' If Helen doesn't now, she will. You just wait and see."

He offered her the bowl of hot soup and bided his time. At last warmed by the good food and the gentle tones of his big voice, she began to relax and smile a little.

"I guess I have spoiled her," she admitted. "Losing the first two made us so careful of her."

"Too careful," he affirmed. "Parents often confuse their motives. But you can use your experience to ad-

vantage with the others. Let's count them."

She leaned back against the cushions, tired, but at peace. "Dan's nineteen, with his job in the shops. Jeanne's seventeen, clerking in Gibbon's; Ben and Craige—selling papers. Irene and Chloe just turned eleven and eight—still in the grades, and little Beth—she begins next week."

He tabulated their names, ages and occupations neatly. "Now for inclinations and ability," he said severely.

"I couldn't bear to have Dan an engineer," she protested.

"Pretty good mechanic," he reminded her. "This new automobile business might amount to something some day. If he ever takes a notion, don't squelch it."

She twisted her soggy handkerchief about her calloused finger. "I'd like Ben to be a Doctor, though."

"Good," he affirmed, and wrote, "Physician and Surgeon" beside "Benjamin Tallifer, age 15, newsboy."

"Craige loves to read. I thought maybe he'd be an author," — she dared not look up until she heard his assent.

"Might be a newspaper writer," he smiled as he wrote the word beside Craige's name. "We'll rig up a news stand; let him sell magazines as well as papers. Ben can come with me and go to high school. I need an office boy. If the treatment I'll give him 'takes', I'll help—mind you *help*—him into the medical college."

"Jeanne loves art; she's like me,—though I've never had a chance. I was married young and the babies came along," she sighed. "I'd like her to be an artist."

He wrote the word beside Jeanne's name, but added, "In her own home."

"Irene can sing and Chloe loves to act. She's always saying pieces," she smiled, reminiscent of the home-dramatics on the back porch. "And Beth loves to dance. She's always dancing."

"Well, we'll let the prima-donna, actress, danseuse grow up before we give them a rating. Meanwhile," he said, taking her rough hands between his big, sensitive fingers, "we must look out for the 'Littlest One'. You have no right, Linda, now you have called his body into being to send his spirit hurtling out into space. He, too, must have his chance. You won't go to someone else, will you? I trust you to put up a good fight. When Dan Stevens went into a burning building, he never looked back, Linda. He was a brave friend, and true. I'll never forget the day the warehouse burned down. He went up and came out fifteen times with a man or boy. Then someone shouted about Hegenson's dog. It was there in the window two stories up. He went up the ladder and tossed the dog down into the blanket and then the floor sank and he went down. Linda, you can't fail your father now. He'd grieve to know you were a quitter."

"I'll stand by. But you must give up the long hours in the restaurant kitchen. You're a good cook, Linda, but you're a better mother. And Tom needs you, too. When Beth starts to school, he'll be alone unless you stay."

"I promise," she whispered, as she passed out into the September sunshine.

LINDA kept her word as best she could. Helen's letter, two days later, confirmed Dr. McGan's suspicions, so she smothered her heartache and wrote a happy letter and

sent the paisley shawl and the bronze andirons that had been in the family for a century or more.

She had meant to use the thirty dollars for some other purpose now Helen no longer needed it. But Dan had come in jubilantly that morning with the big news that Bert Jones was selling these new automobiles and wanted to start a shop in the city—a "garage" he called it—where they mended and repaired. Bert wanted Dan. He said he'd need twenty dollars to start on and some clothes. She gave him the money and he kissed her awkwardly and went away as happy as a prince.

LINDA stayed on at home for weeks, the fifty dollars pension and Craige's and Jeanne's stray pennies helping to keep the home expenses up. She asked nothing of Ben. He lived at McGan's and saved his wages toward that rosy, medicated future he was so anxious to attain. Jeanne was taking art, although she had little to show for it. She went out a great deal with a boy from the shops—a good boy, Linda thought, but not quite good enough for her Jeanne. Irene's vocal lessons and Chloe's "elocution" came high, and now Beth wanted ballet slippers for the "Toddlers' Dancing Class."

So it was that Linda went back to the cafe kitchen—for the night shift. She could be home by seven in the morning and help the girls and Craige off to school. Jeanne saw to their breakfasts and Linda and Tom ate alone. She read to him and filled his morning with the breezy gossip of the kitchen, slept and tidied up the house and left at six o'clock for work. She had meant to quit before Christmas, but the management had urged her with increased wages to stay on for the festivities and she, tempted with what the money could do for her children, had yielded.

So it was that the tiny boy had come, gasping for breath through little, blue lips, two months before his time. A sleety morning, a frozen apple paring on the sidewalk had sent her headlong into the slushy gutter. She had managed to get home and to bed without help, and lay there alternately sweating and shivering until Tom had wakened and sensing a danger he could only feel had called Jeanne and Craige for help.

Doctor McGan had shaken his head over the poor little mite, but Linda had set her Steven's mouth in a firm, hard line and fought for him day after day. All the bitterness of his coming was burned away in the intense fire of her love—and after weary weeks, love triumphed.

The twisted knee called out all the skill and tenderness her hands and heart could give. She studied and read and asked for information. To the other children she gave scant attention, so it was with little opposition Jeanne married the boy from the shops and settled down in a home across the railroad tracks.

She and Tom took Tommy for long walks. The father pushed the carriage with a new assurance in his step, Linda's hand resting lightly on the handle to give him direction.

At last Tommy learned to walk and went hobbling off to school, his knee braced and stiff. Then Craige went away to College, and they planted a garden to help along. With one small hand clasped around his father's finger, Tommy guided the older Tom about the garden and amongst the flowers. The father was happy, and Linda coming out often to watch them working saw the old Tom revive and live again.

THEN the War roused the world to ominous activity. Ben—just ready for his internship—went to the training camps, and Craige went into the front line trenches with notebooks and pen. Jeanne and John and their three little boys went back to the farm, for crops were needed and the prices were high.

Tommy saved his pennies for the soldiers; Irene and Chloe sang and read for the Red Cross and little Beth danced her way right into the soldiers' hearts.

Then, before anyone was aware of the menacing scourge, the plague was upon them. Thousands went down in the holocaust. In training camp, in schools and homes the devastating sickness raged. Little Beth danced on, and then, the little dancing feet were stilled forever. The rest were somehow spared, and Tommy played through the long spring days, strangely untouched.

Chloe found her soldier lover, and followed him to France, but the shrapnel that took his life, shattered her own, and Death rung down the curtain on the last act of her little drama.

No word came from Craige. He had last been seen before an attack. She refused to hang a gold-starred flag in her window; she never gave him up as lost. At night she listened for his step on the walk, and a knock on the door brought her heart fluttering into her throat. Many a late delivery boy or hungry tramp wondered at the radiant face that looked out at them from the doorway.

To Irene success came fluttering on butterfly wings. At last Linda's hopes seemed to be fulfilled. This child would fill her mother's aging years with comfort. But love, too, came singing, and before the golden voice had reached its destiny, Irene was married to the "first violin."

LINDA told herself over and over again that everything would be all right. Even when the panic swept their meager savings away and Irene and Ivan came home for a year, she kept up her courage. There was no work for Ivan; "canned music" had crowded his kind out, and he was glad to work at anything. They found work at last, and she helped them on their way with her last ten dollars and her tenderest prayers.

Life that had seemed to crawl suddeny found wings, and she was an old woman past seventy, and Tom was seventy-five. He suddenly seemed to shrivel within himself, to spend long hours dozing before the fire, to talk of earlier years, and his "run" on the road. Younger men came into the offices. They had never known Tom Tallifer, and the pension was often a long time coming.

Tommy was working in Gibbons and but for him there would not have been bread in the house. Jeanne sent crates of vegetables and fruits—there was no sale for them—and Tommy paid the postage. Sometimes Linda turned off a rug or two and bought small shoes at the sales to send to Jeanne's youngest children, for there was no money on the farm.

ONE day Tom called to her, but before she had reached him, his sightless eyes had opened upon another world. Helen sent roses—she was going abroad and couldn't come. Dan drove down in his big, gray car. Business was bad and his wife was ill. Dan's wife had spent weeks at a time in the hospitals for everything under the sun.

"Lucky Tommy's got a steady job. He'll be able to keep things going," he said, proffering a five-dollar bill.

Linda accepted it, secretly plan-

ning to buy shoes and hose for Jeanne's youngest children. Jeanne could not come, but sent five-dollars "to help with expenses." Linda knew what sacrifices had gone into the worn bill. With wool and cattle down to "bed rock" and eggs and butter going for a song, it was worth ten times its face value to the struggling family in the country.

Irene and Ivan sent regrets. A new baby was coming and they could not afford a trip. They wrote at length about Ivan's work—small pay at the Broadcasting Station but one could manage with no further expenses.

Linda read the letter through hot tears. Well, she would never bother them, nor Helen and Dan neither. Jeanne's hands were already too full to carry any extra burdens. There were only Ben and Tommy left. Ben had remained in France doing wonderful things to distorted faces and broken bodies. By now he would be somewhere in Africa searching for the cause and remedy of the fever that was cutting down the Foreign Legion. It would be months before the news of his father's death would reach him.

"But Tommy'll have his chance," she muttered fiercely to herself. "His painting is all he's got to take him along in the world."

SHE was sitting alone before the little heater two days after the funeral. The canary hopped dejectedly from perch to swing. The flowers in the windows shrank away from the frosty glass. Icicles that fringed the roof glittered like steel in the waning light.

"I'll sell the house to the railroad; they want ground back for a spur to the main line, and they'll be glad to give me eight hundred for the house. I'll give Tommy five and the other three will get me in at the 'Home'. I'll see Mrs. Finny about taking the canary. She'll be real kind to him. I guess they wouldn't want him at the 'Home'. Maybe I can take my ivy geranium and the white rose, but I'll let Sam Brown's Emmy have the rest. No doubt, she'll let 'em die or get aphids or run out; but I'll try to remember them as I saw them last."

She heard a familiar, halting step on the porch and rose hastily to tie on her clean, white apron. She wouldn't let Tommy know. After he got away to the art school, she would pack her things and leave. She opened the door with one of her sunniest smiles.

"I've watched out of the window for you, but missed you, somehow," she chided happily, unwinding the scarf from about his neck and ears.

"Cold as Greenland!" he laughed, stamping his feet. "The reason you didn't see me, Mums, was that I came in *our* car."

She blinked up at him, "Car? The cold's addled your brain, lad."

He led her to the window. There in the shelter of the old round house, was a little green roadster.

"Why, that's old Doctor McGan's," she protested.

"Our's now. He says he wants to end his days riding round with his horse and buggy, so when he dozes, he won't end up in a ditch. Says he'll sell it to me on time."

"Time?" she reiterated. "But, Tommy, your education, your painting. "You forget you'll be leaving for the big city soon."

"I'll be staying right here, my young lady," he laughed, struggling into the big apron he always wore when they got supper together. "Haven't told you of the promotion I've had either, nor of the night classes I've taken on the sly."

He stood erect and beat his chest with a clenched fist, "I, Thomas Stevens Tallifer, Window Decorator for Gibbons & Gibbons, assistant floor manager and buyer in the arts goods department—all for 150 iron men per month."

She gasped and sat down abruptly. "But, Tommy, your education, your painting?"

"I'm at it every day," he answered, spreading butter on the crisp toast. "I've a studio in the top of the store —free heat, free light and free air. Out on the drive by the Park I've rented a bungalow for you. There's a patch of grass—under the snow at present—a flower garden and a place for my prize bunnies; besides a garage for our car and a bit of a place for your hens."

"Does the Doctor know?" she demanded weakly.

"I'll say he knows. In fact he's 'egged' me on for ten years or more. Poor old fellow, he's getting childish of late. Says the queerest things."

"Childish? Queer?" She visualized the big white-haired man, alert and active at eighty.

"Yes, ma'am—childish and queer. Why just tonight when he handed me the keys to the car he patted me on the back and said, 'Tommy, I knew you were going to be a good lad to your mother, I knew it for weeks before you were born'."

HIS FAVORITE FLOWER

In fairest Nauvoo there lived a sister,
Who owned a garden of flowers rare.
And in the days of our beloved prophet,
His footsteps sometimes wandered there.

His tender gaze on the flowers did linger,
But brightened with love as he gazed at me.
For of all the choicest of fair spring blossoms,
I was his favorite one, you see.

The moss rosebud is the humblest of roses,
Hiding its head in a leafy bower
Until, at God's bidding, its petals unfolding,
We read of His love through the glad summer hours.

A spray of asparagus next caught his fancy,
To wave o'er my head seemed most dainty to him.
And thus on his coat with love's fingers he placed me,
To reign there, his choice, through the glad spring.

So great was his love for the rose that, in music,
His favorite song breathed warm words for me.
For of all the sweet strains that gladden the heart,
The Last Rose of Summer was his loved melody.

And so from the East to fair Zion transplanted,
To blossom in peace for the Saints that he loved.
As flowers without number, in that beautiful garden,
Are blooming for him in the heaven above.

—*Lena B. Price.*

Note: The facts of this story were given to me by Sister Sarah M. Kimball, owner of the garden in Nauvoo. She said she had a bush of pink moss roses, and near it some wild asparagus grew. Whenever the Prophet came there he would select a partly opened bud and a tiny spray of asparagus to put in the button hole in the lapel of his coat.

What Are the Movies Likely to Do to My Child?

By Eva K. Thomas

IN a general way, most of us are aware that the motion picture is a boon to mankind. So vast and far-reaching are its possibilities for the instruction and entertainment of humanity that did it not exist, we should, if we possessed enough imagination, pray for its invention.

Dr. John J. Tigert, former United States Commissioner of Education, declares: "For the purpose of making and influencing public opinion and thought, the motion picture in its present stage is the most powerful influence now known. And as its use increases and its field of operation develops, its power to influence the public will increase."

A good motion picture that travels throughout the country, penetrating into the smallest town, represents a social force which may be described as nothing short of a Godsend. The history of the movie in education has scarcely begun. Though educational films have been made and are being made, the domain of the text book is still largely unimpaired, but its monopoly is disputed.

DEAN HOLMES of the Harvard School of Education announced the discovery that where talking motion pictures supplement the text book in class, knowledge of the students increase from 20% to 40%. Children have been found to retain an average of 70% of what an adult would carry away from a dramatic film, and in many cases after a lapse of months, the children actually remember more than they remembered directly, after seeing the picture.

Obviously the film must emerge as one of the most potent of all educational instruments. With facts and implications like these, it can surprise no one that the wealth of motion pictures poured out annually from the studios shown to an audience conservatively estimated at 77,000,000 weekly in the United States alone should produce effects upon the conduct, behavior patterns, morals, and even upon the health of the younger spectators, that is those in their formative years, since these youngsters make up a little more than one-third of our audiences.

In a survey made by M. M. Willey and S. A. Rice and issued by a Hoover commission in 1933, we find this statement: "Although the motion picture is primarily an agency for amusement, it is no less important as an influence in shaping attitudes and social values. The fact that it is enjoyed as entertainment may even enhance its importance in this respect. Any discussion of this topic must start with the realization that for the vast audience the pictures and films have tremendous vitality. Pictures and actors are regarded with a seriousness that is likely to escape the casual observer."

Editors of popular motion picture magazines are deluged with letters from motion picture patrons, unburdening themselves of an infinite variety of feelings and attitudes, deeply personal, which focus around the lives and activities of those inhabiting the screen world. One editor receives 80,000 such letters a year. These are filled with self revelations which indicate sometimes deliberately, more often unconsciously, the influence of the screen upon manners, dress, codes, and matters of romance.

In other words here is evidence

of the influence of motion pictures and their impersonations upon the character, conduct, and behavior of vast numbers of our nation and especially upon our younger people.

SOME years ago the Motion Picture Research Council realized the vast influence of the motion picture and succeeded in interesting the Payne Fund—a foundation devoted to the welfare of youth, in financing a nationwide research into the degrees of influence and effect of films upon children and youth. A group of social scientists, psychologists, sociologists, and educators, representatives of their fields in various Universities of the country under the general direction of Dr. W. W. Charters began that body of research which covered a four year period from 1929-1933.

So much of the general notion concerning the movies consisted in surmise or guess work that the need for carefully collected data unbiased and free from prejudice became virtually imperative.

Who, for instance, has not heard the assumption that movies stimulate to crime, to sexual misconduct, to imitation of crime technique, of patterns of loose living, of vulgar conduct and so on. Upon the one hand we know that some excellent pictures have been made and are still being made and that pictures in general supply entertainment and knowledge to audiences not hitherto reached by dramatic presentation. Yet upon the other hand we have men of the standing of Dr. Nicholas Murry Butler asserting that "The daily broadcasting of the passions and caprices and adventures of men and women in plays and on the screen, interpreted by ill equipped authors and directors, cannot but be destructive of ideals that have proved to be wholesome and worthy of presevration." Or as Professor Ernest W. Burgess of the University of Chicago concludes, "It is quite evident that the boy comes into contact with influences in the motion pictures that are in conflict with the standard of the home, the school and the Church." Dr. Herbert Blumer of the University of Chicago who has conducted a series of studies for the Payne foundation, finds that the movies have helped to direct 10% of the boys and 25% of the girls into delinquent or criminal careers."

DRS. RENSHAW, MILLER AND MARQUIS have conducted a series of studies on the effect movies have on the sleep of our children. They concluded, "that children from the age of six on exposed to the flood of movies pouring across the screen, even just one a week, seeing film plays loaded chiefly with the well known movie trinity of love, sex, and crime, with all the violence, vulgarity, and false values that so many movies have, become so excited as to lose sleep for a week, or that the other child will be so drugged and exhausted by emotional fatigue, that his sleep will be a kind of stupor. Which ever of the two happens, the price we pay is exorbitant. Sleep plays a tremendous role in the growth and health of children."

THE screen is the most open of all books and when the young see pictures presented in a certain way, it is small wonder that the vividness of the reception of those scenes, owing to the youth and freshness of the spectators, makes of the movies a peculiarly incisive and important factor in schemes of conduct. The less experience the spectators have the less selective they naturally are. Coming to the young, as pictures do in the most impressionable years of

their life, the effect becomes of extraordinary weight and potentiality and amounts often to a shaping and moulding of their character.

Could we but have an equal emphasis upon high ideals, how tremendous would be the beneficent effect upon our children. So far as concerns adults, they are their own masters, to choose as they wish. Children however, are another matter. They deserve to be imbued with the best ideals that civilization affords.

KATHLEEN NORRIS says "That the movies have slipped too often into an ugly groove of dramatized crime and twisted sex isn't wholly surprising. The whole world has slipped that way. Books and plays reflect the same thing."

"We can't put the responsibility for all of this, or indeed much of it, on the movies. They don't pretend to be churches. They are produced by business men with the purpose of making money. Their aim is to please everyone. An unsuccessful movie costs so much that every effort has to be made to avoid failures, and if the people demand sex and crime stories the Hollywood authorities quite naturally turn them out. The movie danger lies in their accessibility and the frequency with which we attend them. Children get their morals, their manners, their ideas of life and the world, politics and social responsibility from the irresistible silver screen. It seems to me in acknowledging this — and everyone who has studied the situation at all does acknowledge it—that we also admit that we have failed our children. It is not for Hollywood to educate them, to develop in them selectiveness and fineness and self-control. That is our business. It is for us to realize once and for all that movies are either helping or undoing what we are trying to put into the souls and minds of our children, and to see to it that the malleable little spirits and intellects are not poisoned."

"Who can object to the drive for clean pictures?" demands Samuel Goldwyn, one of our noted producers. "If motion picture production digresses, if sight is lost of the family as an audience, there seems to be reason for complaint."

"Good taste must determine what is funny in a smoking room and what is funny on the screen. I don't know what rules and what codes can be drawn up to express it, and I don't know who could interpret them." "Only one restriction can ever exist. That is the sound economy of picture production for the family. It must be realized that the photoplay enters the home in its thought, its mood, its manner, its story, a realization that it must be fit for the home is the practical basis for the censorship of any picture."

A EUROPEAN proverb has it that from the same timber may be hewn either a cross or a shovel. It is the use of a great invention that determines its service to us. The motion pictures, though at times misused, have also at times shown by certain specimens and examples how immense can be their service for wholesome pleasure, entertainment, and even enlightenment, to their vast audiences. Since the motion picture has assuredly come to stay, the points upon which everyone of us, whether as parent or as citizen, urgently desires information are, What are the movies likely to do to my child? How are they likely to affect the children and young people of our country, the parents and citizens of the future? What influence will they impart to our homes? Are they in their present forms an asset or a liability to the progress of our national development?

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

HOPE, and faith, and joy abound, as smiling, tearful April awakens earth from her winter sleep.

KATHARINE CORNELL, titled "leading lady" of the American stage, has added another laurel to her fame in her latest achievement, "Saint Joan."

LILY PONS, French opera star, has decided to make America her permanent home. She recently went back to Paris to collect her furniture, art treasures and pictures and close up her French abode.

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S new film, "Mary of Scotland" calls for twelve changes of costume, all heavily embroidered.

SONJA HENIE, of Norway, led 16 rivals from 9 nations through the compulsory figures at the Olympic games in Germany last winter. She is now the world's champion woman skater.

ROSALIE LOWE WHITNEY has been appointed, by Mayor LaGuardia of New York, justice of the Court of Domestic Relations, and Dorothy Kenyon, Commissioner of Licenses.

LAURA KNIGHT, English artist, is the first woman in the British Empire to be accorded full membership in the Royal Academy.

MRS. WILBUR FRIBLEY, president of the Housewives League of America, flays J. P. Morgan for his definition of the leisure class as "families who afford a maid" as did also Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Both declare Mr. Morgan out-of-date and far behind the times of modern "household engineering."

DR. MILLICENT L. HATHAWAY of the University of Illinois medical school has developed a new form of Vitamin D, the bone growth control factor in nature.

MRS. J. A. EUALES and Mrs. George P. Brown of Bloomington, Ill., exchanged courtesies on their birthday celebrations, February 10, and March 30, respectively. Each was 101 years old.

DR. JANE HUNTLEY BUCHANAN of Ogden, practicing physician in the intermountain west for 52 years; died last month at the advanced age of 85.

CLARE LEIGHTON'S book "Four Hedges" is an artistic story of the making of a garden. With the advent of spring, garden lovers will find both pleasure and help in its perusal.

ELEANOR FARJEON has written a biography of her father's family. The author is a granddaughter of the famous actor Joseph Jefferson.

KATHLEEN NORRIS' new book, "Secret Marriage" contains a wholesome lesson for the young romantics. How many will read and heed is a question.

MARGARET LAWRENCE'S book, "The School of Femininity is like a friendly afternoon with great literary women, from Jane Austin to Dorothy Parker.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY'S "Freedom Farewell," Elizabeth Bowen's "House of Paris," Helen Ashton's "Dust Over the Ruins,' are among the notable recent books.

Asphalt Deposits Corroborate The Book of Mormon

By E. Cannon Porter

FROM the La Brea tar pits, Los Angeles, comes mute evidence of the truth of items mentioned in the Book of Mormon. In the latter is a description of horses used by the Nephites and Lamanites in America.

Historians have claimed that there were no horses in North America when the Spaniards first came. The Indians were amazed at the sixteen horses brought to Mexico by Cortez. They at first thought that the equine and his rider were one animal like a centaur. They cut off the head of a horse and examined it with a great deal of curiosity.

The bubbling asphalt pits, estimated to be from 20,000 to 100,000 years old have yielded the skeletons of horses, showing that the animal originally lived in America.

These same silent witnesses would incline to the Latter-day Saint contention that the Garden of Eden was located on the American continent—near Independence, Missouri.

Skeletons of elephants and camels are here, larger, and apparently older than these same species of Asia. It has been generally thought that life came from Siberia to Alaska via a northwest passage. The mute tar pits would indicate that it was the other way around. Their sticky contents have preserved the bones through the ages, although all flesh, fur, hair, feathers and beaks have been destroyed.

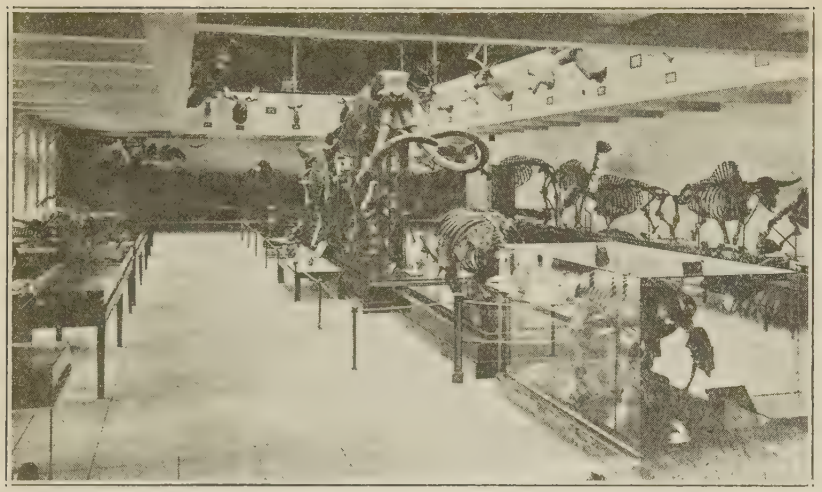
Besides the animals already mentioned, there are remains of such strange creatures as the giant ground sloth, the saber tooth tiger and an immense extinct bird with a nine foot spread of wings. To say nothing of pre-historic bison, bear, wolves, deer, and foxes that closely resemble the present form of these animals.

It is believed that thirsty animals went there to drink, the oil deposits probably keeping water on the surface, when the surrounding country was dry. These were trapped in the sticky mass. The more they struggled the deeper they sank. Carnivorous animals attracted by the scent of easy prey pounced upon the struggling victims and were themselves sucked into the lakes of tar.

These pits are located in Hancock park, a 28½ acre tract presented by the owner, Col. G. Allen Hancock, to Los Angeles. Here is the old La Brea ranch house built by the orginal settlers. Eventually a museum is to be erected on the ground to house the reconstructed skeletons of these pre-historic monsters.

Many of these now make an impressive display at the Los Angeles County Building at Exposition Park. One of these is the Imperial elephant with its enormous tusks and a baby elephant with a broken leg. Bones from the pits have been shipped to various museums throughout the world. They offer interesting information of life in the earth's ice era.

The pools themselves are small oval depressions fenced with flat shale-like stone brought from Calabases. None of them are very deep, varying from six to thirty-five feet. From the last the skeletons of fifteen



FOSSIL HALL, LOS ANGELES MUSEUM

elephants and ten mastodons were taken. From the fact that much wood was mixed up with the bones, it would indicate that the country was heavily timbered at that time.

From the first came the only human skull—probably that of a lost Indian. Stone artifacts and the bones of numerous small animals similar to what we have now, would indicate that it was of much later date. No human life is indicated at the time of the pre-historic monsters.

ONE of the largest collections of extinct mammals found at Rancho La Brea was excavated from pits 61-67 fused into a single lake. Much of the material was well preserved. In 61 asphalt pockets varied in size from one to ten cubic yards. Greatest depth reached was about twenty feet. About 250 skulls were obtained: mostly dire wolf and saber-toothed cat. Associated types included coyote, great lion-like cat, horse, deer, large grazing ground sloth and smaller browsing ground sloth.

271 well preserved skulls were taken from pit 67. These included most of the types listed above, as well as bison. In both pits remains of young camels were of frequent occurrence. Work at these sites was carried on by the L. A. Museum from Sept. 17, 1914, to June 21, 1915.

Years ago the asphalt was being shipped to San Francisco for commercial purposes. When being compressed, the bones were removed as being unusable. When viewed by Dr. Merriam of the University of California at Berkeley he recognized them as being of inestimable scientific value. When scooped up out of the sticky mass the bones of many different animals are mixed up together. These are sorted and complete skeletons are assembled from them. Given a bony framework, an anatomist can tell just how an animal looked when alive.

AT the Los Angeles Museum in Exposition park, there is a hall devoted to these reconstructed creatures. The ancient horse and buffalo had heads larger than those now living. The lion is bigger and more powerful than the African variety

today. As is also the dire wolf of the Neanderthal. Foxes, rabbits and antelope are similar to those of the present.

Here in a glass case is the lone man's skull, preserved in the tar when those of his compatriots have long since returned to dust. Most interesting are the extinct giant and smaller ground sloth, believed to have come from South America; and the Saber toothed tiger which gained its sustenance by sinking its long tusk into the neck of its victim, and sucking its blood.

Out in the park where the pits are a group of statuary has been built of cement by F. E. R. A. workers. It shows the figure of a buffalo lying on its side in the asphalt. A saber toothed tiger is devouring it. Nearby the tiger's mate is fighting a giant ground sloth that has come to the pits to drink.

This is the first of many animal groups designed to show life as it existed there 50,000 years ago. One of the sculptures contemplated is a majestic group of Imperial elephants. Trees now grow in Hancock Park and the newer pools are fringed with cat-tails showing the presence of water near the surface. Here constantly the age old tragedy of the pits is re-enacted. Small rodents and birds, seeking water, are sucked into the treacherous depths.

A circus that put up its tents nearby had an elephant get down in the miry ground. By attaching chains to it and several of the other pachyderms, they finally succeeded in pulling it out. Three small boys had to be rescued from a swamp in a nearby field by the fire department. Another pool is now being dragged for the body of a young girl, who, suffering from a nervous breakdown, got lost in that vicinity.

Children and commercial enterprises are barred from the park.

SPRING

By Grace Peterson

To-day, I heard spring on the way,
The lark carroling at break of day.

To-day I felt spring in the air,
The kiss of soft rain on my hair.

To-day I saw a bit of spring,
A crocus, and a blue-bird on wing.

To-day I touched spring all around,
I planted seed in soft warm ground.

To-day I know that spring has come,
For new buds quivered in the sun.

The Complaining Teacher and the Homes That Are Hard to Enter

By Merling D. Clyde

Mrs. Tyler (over the telephone): "Yes, Oh, she won't be able to go? That is too bad. I can go alone if you wish. Oh, you are substituting Sister Horton. She is a dear. (Looks from the window.) I can see her coming now. I'll hurry and meet her. Yes, thank you. Goodbye." (Puts on wraps. Exits.) Home. A little white-faced, busy mother answers a knock at the door. Admits two teachers. "Come in, sisters. (Shakes hands.) What a nice surprise, Sister Horton, to see you. How are you Sister Tyler. Find seats if you can. (Has to move little clothing from chairs.) I must apologize for the way this place looks. Five children having measles at one time rather upsets a home. But they are back in school now."

Mrs. Tyler (taking a seat gingerly on the edge of a chair): "Oh, we didn't come to see your house. (Looks around critically.) It's such a dirty time anyway. I was just telling Rob this morning I have to clean my windows twice a week. I get so nervous with things in a mess."

Mrs. Horton: "Did you say your children were all down at once. I'm so sor—"

Mrs. T.: "Yes, she's surely had a time. We haven't had them yet, and I do hope we don't get them, either. I always scrub the children before they enter the house to get the germs off. Rob says I'm too fussy. I was coming over to help Sister Clark here, but seems like I never get through."

Mother: "That was sweet of you to think of us. But you know how good John is to help. I'll have to tell you a joke on him. He wanted to bathe the boys last night. I heard the twins giggling away in bed. And what do you think, those little tikes had let him bathe the same one twice." (All laugh.)

Mother, continuing: "But we did get along fine. The elders came in each day and we were all blessed. And how are you, dear Sister Horton?"

Mrs. H.: "I have been exceptionally well, thanks to my Heavenly Father."

Mrs. T.: "It seems so good to hear someone say they are well. You know, I suffer so all the time. And I've just received a letter from my son, and they are out of work. I just don't know how I'll ever wait on them if they come home to live. It disrupts a home so."

Mrs. H.: "One has to make the best of each trial that comes, Sister Tyler. It is said in the Good Book 'In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set one over against the other that man should find nothing after him.' (Turns to mother.) I'm afraid we are detaining you from your work. And we must be going on to the other homes. We have such a lovely topic this month. I was hoping we would be able to discuss it with you. But I hope you will be able to come to meeting Tuesday."

Mother: "Do you have a different topic each month?"

Mrs. T.: "Oh, we miss giving the topic so many times. Seems like we just get to talking and the time slips by. Most of them have the Magazine, anyway." (They all rise.) Mrs. H. takes the mother's hand.

Mrs. H.: "I wish I had known you were all ill, and I'm glad to know you are well again. I'll come over in a day or so. Be of good cheer, and may the Lord bless you, dear."

Mother: "Thank you, Sister Horton. Do come again, both of you. Goodbye." (Inside of next home visible to audience. A square placard states "Rees' Maternity Home." Mother and grown daughter folding babies clothes or ironing, mother looks out sees teachers coming.)

Mother: "Mary, here come the Relief Society teachers, and one is dear old Sister Horton. It is like a tonic to have her come."

Daughter: "Do you think she will present the topic?"

Mother: "Oh, I do hope she will. I love to discuss it with them when I can't get out to meetings. A Maternity home doesn't leave one free to attend church."

Outside: The teachers in view of audience walk up to the door. (A corner of the front stage.)

Mrs. Tyler: "We won't get in here."

Mrs. H.: "There must be someone home. She has several patients."

Mrs. T.: "That is always the case, but I seldom raise anyone." (Knocks loudly, and long.)

Mother opens door: "How do you do, sisters. Come in." (Shakes hands. Seats them.) Turns to Mrs. Horton. "Where is Gwen today?"

Mrs. H.: "She had her daughter's children to tend while the mother went on the Temple excursion. So I am substituting."

Mother: "Well, it's nice to have you come. What beautiful message do you bring me today? I'm in need of cheer, being tied like this, you know."

Mrs. H.: "I love to come, too. I'm always glad to do what I can to help carry these beautiful messages of our Gospel. And it is an especially lovely one today. It is taken from the twenty-seventh Psalm: 'The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stregth of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?'"

Mother: "And we have all been crying about depression and troublesome times. That is how David sustained his faith, wasn't it? By repeating the promises God has made to his children. If only we weren't so weak!"

Mrs. H.: "Yes, we do grow away from Him, depending upon ourselves, and crying that evil is falling our way."

Mother: "I love to read the Psalms. One of my favorites is in the next chapter, I believe it's the twenty-eighth. Mary, will you please hand me my Bible. Thank you, dear. (Turns to passage.) I should know this by heart as many times as I read it: 'The Lord is my strength and my shield. My heart trusted in Him, and I am helped, therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth and with my song will I praise Him.' It is a continuation of your theme, isn't it? I get so much comfort from those words."

Mrs. H.: "Yes. We should all remember to draw upon His strength when He makes such promises to us. In another place it says: 'Blessed is the Nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom He has chosen for

His inheritance.' We know that we are that people, but only as we have hope in His Name will He have mercy upon us."

Mrs. Tyler: "Only this morning I was fault-finding with my lot. Then I picked up the paper and saw how blest I am here in the valleys of the mountains. It made me very humble."

Mrs. H.: "I've praised God, too, that I am of the Chosen People. Still, I wonder if we do not take it for granted that we will all be saved because of His great promises to us. Rather should we be looking to our individual lives to see if we deserve salvation. I wonder often that God is so patient with me when I merit so little at His hands."

Mrs. T.: "If anyone ever merited salvation, Sister Horton, it is you."

Mrs. H.: "You are more than kind, my dear sister, but you do not know my weaknesses. But I try to study and obey those in authority. Some of the greatest good that has come to me has been through my Relief Society teaching. It is the greatest privilege that mortal woman can have."

Mrs. Tyler and Mother: "Indeed, it is."

(All rise.)

Mrs. H.: "We must not detain you longer." (Shakes hand of daughter who has been an interested listener. Invites her to meetings. Takes mother's hand. "I hope you can leave sometimes to attend meetings. I've enjoyed visiting with you. It is such a pleasure to discuss the topic in interested homes. May God bless your home and those who are under your loving care. Goodbye."

Mother: "Goodbye, dear sisters. It has been such a pleasure to have you come."

Curtain: Outside, as the two teachers walk along.

Mrs. Tyler: Dear, Sister Horton, this has been the most wonderful afternoon I have spent in years. I am glad you came with me, for I have had a lesson in spirituality and teaching. You are God-inspired. Don't you know, I never realized that the members on my district were heart-hungry to discuss these beautiful topics?"

Mrs. H.: "If we prepare ourselves with study God will always open the way for us to be of service, thereby broadening our———" and the voices trail away as the women disappear off stage.

APRIL'S PROMISE

By Linnie Parker

As I watch the tiny buds burst out
And the dainty leaves unfold
Or see the dandelion lift
Its head of purest gold—

As my feet tread o'er the fresh, new grass
Where not so long ago
There lay just dead and withered blades
Covered with lifeless snow—
I wonder, as Nature comes to life,—
The trees and flow'rs and grain—
How anyone could ever doubt
That man will live again;

For if such a magic, living thing
As Spring can come to pass,
If God can breathe new life into
Each flower and blade of grass,

How well we know that rich, new life
To each of us He'll bring—
Spring comes to tell us there awaits
For us—a greater Spring!

Art at Eighty

By Fay Ollerton

A GOOD many people remember Anna Larsen Gillespie, christened Ane Larsen over in Serrisklev, Denmark, many years ago. She has been a librarian at the Young University since 1906, when Dr. Brimhall persuaded her she would enjoy a library more than a schoolroom. She was tall and slender then, bright-eyed and alert with tiny lines in her face and white hair in natural waves. Now at seventy-nine she catalogues where once she presided, but she is still tall, slender and alert. The fine lines are etched a little deeper, the white waves bobbed.

"You don't look a day older," returning students say in honest amazement, "how do you do it?"

"I'm not older," she tells them, a bit of a "humph" in her voice as she looks up from her books with a quick smile, "I'm too busy to grow old."

"But when are you going to quit working so hard?" they persist.

"With all the work there is to be done!" she remonstrates as she lays down her pen and looks out at Timpanogos. "I'd like to take a year off and go to an art school," she says, desire in her voice.

So that's the secret! She wants to go to an art school when she is eighty! Lucky woman even to think of art at her age. Is that art school yearning a sudden interest or is it something carried over from other days? There was a rumor she had not used her pencil or brush until she was seventy years of age.

She scoffed at that: "I was always drawing things when I was a child in school, all over my slates and books. 'You're wasting time doing that,' the teachers would scold me, 'and you'll come to no good end doing it.' But I went right on drawing."

Determined she was in many things. There is a story about her going from Fountain Green to Salt Lake with an older woman to meet an emigrant train. The two of them camped on the Eighth Ward Square, now the City and County block. The train was delayed and day after day little Ane hung out their washing on the sagebrush that grew on the edges of the Square and wondered what there would be to eat for dinner. One day when there was nothing left but some very old and hard bread, she went alone because the companion had forbidden her going —they would starve first, she vowed to seek for food. "I picked out the biggest houses," Ane said afterwards, "and told them what had happened. And I came home with my apron full of good things to eat."

Later she became a school teacher, a good one who went away to school so that she would be more fit. And once she took art lessons in Provo. "I didn't create anything," she explained quickly. "I didn't think I could do much so I just copied from other paintings." Sometimes she would give her copies for wedding presents, and when she was married she painted her bread box and her spice cans.

IT was not until she was seventy years old that she openly espoused art. "Bert Esmond said to me, 'Annie, why don't you go up to Aspen Grove and study under Bent Larsen?' 'Why I couldn't learn any-

thing,' I answered him, and he told me I was denying my talent."

It took courage to go to the school that first summer. Most of the students were young things who could trail their easels over the Wasatch range all day and climb Timpanogos at night. But not many of them could outdo Annie Gillespie. She walked with the best of them. "It was foolish to think of climbing Timp.," she said, "but I could do everything else."

THAT summer started things. Another vacation she studied with Mr. Randolph of the California School and another with Lee Green Richards. Portrait painting, however, is not her forte. She prefers landscapes. In oil and water colors she painted pictures her friends wanted hung in their living rooms, and Provo, remember, takes its art seriously. But never was she satisfied with what she had done. It was only learning with her. She took more interest in reading about art and artists. First there was Elbert Hubbard with his glimpses into the lives of the old masters; later thick books by artists and critics. Always when she finishes reading she writes down the stirrings of her mind. "You never learn much from reading unless you do," she states with conviction.

Mrs. Gillespie is ultra-modest about her pictures. Most of them she gives to her friends. When a newspaper man wrote that she sold the main part of her paintings she grew very angry. "I never heard of such a thing," she stormed, but admitted in a calmer moment that she did sell a few. Those who know her well tell with pleasure of a nephew in another state who not only ordered her pictures for his new home but also for his hospital.

BUT just how does she manage to work her eight hours a day, to paint, and to keep up with the busy social and cultural life of a university town?

In the first place she practices the "early to bed and early to rise" part of the old maxim. If she is tired she goes to bed right after supper—unless there is a party, a wedding, a concert, a play, or a sick friend. At six in the morning, with due allowance for the darkest winter months, she is out of bed and ready for her newspaper, a bit of reading, or work. A few minutes before eight she has on her hat and coat, waiting for the automobile which takes her to the Grant Library on the hill. That much concession she makes to seventy-nine.

"But I still walk a lot," she declares, "every evening when I can and down town to attend to business."

Noon time, Provo weather permitting, she likes to sit in the sun. Occasional spring mornings she thinks she would like to sit all day, but when five o'clock comes she is the last of the library trio to leave, grumbling a little that she can't stay longer when there is so much work to be done.

After she comes from the Library she paints, rests, or reads a little. At a musical she may doze a bit, but if it is a lecture she is on the front row enjoying every word. Week ends, when she isn't painting or otherwise busy, she is apt to spend in Salt Lake with her son.

Eating? Mrs. Gillespie is sensible about that: "I eat almost anything I want, but I don't care for very much and I learned a long time ago that the simpler things are best."

Clothes she likes. "People ought to dress well if they can," she insists, and because her friends like

to see her in white and pastel shades she eschews the dark and somber colors. Being slender and possessed of a spring in her walk, she can wear the new clothes as charmingly as a girl.

"I'm not old," she says again. "Why should I be when I feel as well as I do. I want you to see my new picture sometime," she adds, her voice softening. "It's one of Timpanogos. I've been working on it for a long time and it's the first thing I've done that satisfies me. "Of course," she adds hastily, "it's not finished yet."

Next year, when she is eighty, she would like to take a year off and go to art school. There's one in San Francisco she would like and she thinks she would enjoy a winter in California. "I could," she says, desire again strong in her voice, "paint all I want to then."

CALLING STILL

By Elsie E. Barrett

We need Religious armour as of yore
When Jesus walked and talked upon the shore
Of Galilee;
We hear across the waves His clarion call
Once heard by Peter, Andrew, John and Paul
"Come follow me."
The same today as yesterday He cares,
The self-same One this message still declares
"Have faith and pray."
His voice will ring throughout eternities,
As now it's ringing down the centuries
"I am the way."
That prophesied eleventh hour has come,
No rest, no peace, but pandemonium.
We need to work;
For ne'er before, so near with guilt that sears
Has danger lurked in byways fraught with tears;
No time to shirk.
Sin stalks abroad with steadfast daring tread;
On worldly storm-tossed waves we sail in dread;
His "Peace be still"
Will help despairing souls to stem the tide
If we in patient willingness abide
His Father's Will.
Yes, Lucifer is out, his baits are set,
He's here to WIN with shot and bayonet,
And LIES that sting;
Our only hope is Jesus calling still
"Come follow me and all my laws fulfill."
Our Savior King.

Pussy Willows

By C. Frank Steele

SEE you at dinner time, ma! Goodbye! This from little Freddie.

"Bye, mother! And, mother — please don't forget—I've just got to have my new dress for Beth Watson's party next week. Can't you get it today? I want something new so badly, mother. My clothes are all so shabby, mother, and the rest of the girls are getting new spring outfits." This from Betty Ann.

And Frances Beattie kissed her two eager children as they dashed to school. "Be sure to be home early, children, for dinner. And, Betty Ann, don't worry. You shall have your new dress for the party." They were gone. Dinner! A new dress! The words fell dark and leaden on the heart of Frances Beattie. She had pinched through the winter somehow, but today, as well she knew, the family larder was all but empty. Nothing save a few bare necessities were on the shelves that Harold Beattie once kept laden with the good things of the season. But a succession of dry years, unemployment, and depressed markets had changed all this, and the Beattie family were on the verge of want. Only his heroic, resourceful wife—and well Harold Beattie knew it—had kept the family off relief. Often it was a mystery to the anxious but helpless Harold, how she had kept the children fed and their few clothes clean and neatly mended.

AND now it was coming Spring and a mellowing breeze from the distant, lilac-colored hills cooled the cheeks of Frances Beattie. She smiled through tears that had welled up in her eyes.

She was her own grave, courageous, optimistic self again. Spring was calling. Harold had left the farm early for a neighboring town where a little construction work was reported to be opening up. There he hoped to find employment. Baby Harold had finished his porridge and was tugging at his mother's dress pleading for a walk. And why not?

She would just walk down the familiar path to Berry Creek and back. The thought was genuinely alluring after the long, cold winter with its countless tasks and anxieties. Once out in the great, open world, feeling the first magic of spring, life looked changed. It was early morning. Already the grass was green, the crocuses were blooming here and there along the hillside's sunny slopes and it seemed from a score of points in the fields the meadowlarks were heralding their return. The prairie mother listened. The song of the birds was a song of new hope.

"O mumsy—look!" cried Baby Harold, pointing a pink finger at a clump of pussy willows near the tiny stream now racing joyously through the happy valley. "Mumsy, let's get some," the child shouted, running ahead to gather some of the fuzzy little harbingers of spring.

Pussy willows, large, fresh, beautiful soft pussy willows! Frances Beattie paused in admiration as she surveyed the display before which her little son was dancing. Her face

was a study. Who does not love these pretty, silver-tipped cuttings in early spring? Could she—could it be done? Why not?

THE next day was Saturday. Harold Beattie had not returned and Frances was worried. Bridgetown was 22 miles away and she had to get there and get there early. By six o'clock she was watching the road. An hour passed and just as it seemed that her vigil was to end in failure there appeared a city-bound car. She soon saw it was Charlie Pearce at the wheel of the ancient auto chugging noisily down the highway. Beside him sat his wife, Martha.

"Mr. Pearce, O Mr. Pearce—are you going to town?" cried Frances from the doorway of her front room. The car came to a stop in front of the gate.

"Yes, we're off to town. Going to market, Mrs. Beattie?" This from the good-natured driver.

"Why, Frances, what on earth have you got to sell?" asked Hyrum peering curiously out of the car at his neighbor.

"Pussy willows!" And Frances laughed.

"What!" This from the Pearces in unison.

"Yes, pussy willows. Those city folk will snap them up in a hurry, Mr. Pearce—in fact, they've got to. May I ride to town with you, and may I place my pussy willows in your stall, please?"

"Why, sure, Frances, but I think it's a pack of foolishness. You're just a wastin' your time. Why Martha has a terrible time getting rid of her butter and eggs and fresh meat and thinge like that. So I can't see anybody a buyin' pussy willows. But come along, Frances."

And soon Frances and her great clusters of pussy willows were in the car and along with them a sign in gay colors: "Greet the Spring with fresh-cut Pussy Willows! Only 25 cents a bunch!"

IT was eight o'clock that night when Frances Beattie climbed out of the Pearce auto and presented herself to her anxious family awaiting her return. They were standing in the doorway to give her a welcome. Mr. Beattie had returned and was holding Baby Harold in his arms. As the parcel-laden Frances made her way into the house she assumed the role of a belated Santa Claus. Mysterious packages were tossed about and opened with amazing rapidity.

"Marbles, candies, cookies—and real new overalls!" It was Freddie who screamed his delight.

"Joy, O joy! My new dress. O mother, you're wonderful," cried Betty Ann rushing to her mother with a volley of kisses. "And it's mauve, just the shade we've talked about, isn't it, mother?"

"And Daddy, look—here's a new wheelbarrow for me. Now I can help in the garden!" It was Baby Harold's turn to rejoice and he did it with eyes shining.

"Frances, dear, tell me how you did it?" asked the puzzled husband looking from the children's gifts to a box of groceries that Mr. Pearce had pushed in through the door.

Frances smiled. "Pussy willows—a new cash crop," she replied.

A Daily Storm

By Eunice I. Gardner

DO you have a storm each evening? If not, you are missing one of the most interesting phases of family life. I do not allude to any condition of the weather, nor yet to verbal storms which are prevalent in some households. This storm is in a class by itself. Those fortunate mothers who have experienced it in by-gone days, as well as those who are at present enjoying its daily tonic effect, will unanimously agree that it is refreshing and stimulating to the soul.

One bright day in the early spring a dear friend spent an afternoon at my home. About 4:30 p. m. I remarked:

"I am so glad we have enjoyed a confidential visit together without any interruptions. In a few minutes I expect my storm to come, and then privacy will be an impossibility."

With a bewildered expression, she looked first at me and then at the blue sky overhead.

"A storm, do you say? I've heard of a 'bolt from the blue,' but surely you aren't predicting a storm on a day like this!" she laughingly protested.

At that moment we heard a merry whistle down the street.

"Here comes the fore-runner of the storm," I explained as my sturdy fifteen-year-old scout came whistling up the sidewalk. The school bus had just returned from its daily trip to the high school in the neighboring town.

"Really, my dear friend," I continued, "I have daily storms of varying degrees of intensity. But there is always a storm, for in our family we have the materials for all varieties. This boy I call my cyclone or tornado because he makes the most noise and starts the greatest number of projects. However, he isn't the violent, destructive kind of cyclone, but one who is full of vitality and original ideas and loves to make things hum. His older brother, who is away attending college, is more serene and serious, so I used to call him my *breeze*. Yet at times, when fired with some mighty purpose, the gentle breeze could suddenly become a hurricane."

The three girls soon returned from school and joined the *cyclone*. My visitor could readily see why I called my vivacious thirteen-year-old daughter my *whirlwind,* and why the titles given the ten-year-old twins were *gale* and *zephyr*.

My friend was one who loves and appreciates children. They quickly responded to her sincere and understanding attitude. She entered into their delightful plans and became as eager and enthusiastic as any one of the group. She left me regretting that she, a lover of children, was denied having a storm of her own.

SOME days when you feel gloomy over a real or fancied slight you have received, and are ready to indulge in self-pity, that most destructive of indoor sports, think of your approaching storm and its many possibilities for diversion and happiness.

Be prepared when it comes, so you won't appear bored or indifferent. Be ready to cooperate with your children and enjoy their companionship. Encourage them in their projects, and welcome their friends to come to your home to participate in their plans and enterprises.

No woman need ever be lonely or sad very long if she has a daily storm to vary her activities. It is a blessed opportunity for mothers. Make the most of it.

Full Measure

By Roxana F. Hase

EMMA Lerner stopped her little coupe in front of Jerusha Brown's bungalow. "Well, here we are, Lelia, our very last visit of the month."

As they stepped out into the snow Lelia sighed, "well, one thing sure, we won't get into *her* house today. This snow is wet and we might track up her rug."

"But I intend to get in, Lelia. Come on."

They wiped their feet carefully on the porch mat and rang the bell. Almost immediately Jerusha opened the door a crack, duster in hand, although it was mid-afternoon. There was no warmth in her short reply to their greeting, but Emma Lerner was known as a resourceful woman. They had not been invited in for the past two months and she hoped to find out why. Lelia would gladly have cancelled the call, but not so Emma.

"My, but it smells good in there, Sister Brown. You must be baking bread."

"I am," but there was no signs of her relenting, nor did she relinquish her hold upon the inner door knob.

Emma cleared her throat. "We have a special message for you this month, Sister Brown, but we do not want you to take cold standing there in a draught."

Jerusha hesitated a moment longer and looked dubiously at their damp shoes. "Well, I guess you might as well come in. I sure do wish the weather would clear up. The snow makes so much extra work."

"Yes, but I love the tingle it gives one. My, but you have things nice and cozy."

Jerusha brushed an imaginary speck of dust from the leather davenport and asked them to sit down. She sat very stiff and erect on the edge of a rocking chair and waited for Emma to begin.

"First, we would like to invite you to attend our Annual Day party on March 17th. We always have a lovely time. Then as Second Counselor I have been commissioned to ask you to consider the position of pianist for our organization."

"Oh, no, no. I couldn't possibly. My home keeps me too busy. I never have felt that I could give time to the church on week days."

"But Rosalie is nearly through high school, and she must help you a good deal."

"Oh, yes, of course. But I feel that I should be here to see that she does things properly. She is my only child you know and I want her to be a good housekeeper at least. To me the home is the most important thing in the world."

"Of course it is," Lelia put in, "and the Relief Society helps us to make our homes better all the time."

"Well, I am quite sure that if I started to Relief Society I should be neglecting something here. You know that I never miss church on Sunday, and John pays our tithes and offerings and I feel that quite sufficient."

"But did you ever think of tithing *yourself,* Sister Brown?"

"Tithing myself?"

"Exactly. I mean giving one tenth of yourself, or your talents, or time to the church."

"Well of all things! Why a person wouldn't be able to accomplish anything else."

"You would be surprised how much more you really do accomplish, Sister Brown. And tithing ourselves has been the special hobby of some of us this winter. I have never found anything more worthwhile nor interesting. You with your wonderful musical talent would have no trouble at all in making your quota. Your time at Relief Society could be counted, and your practice time at home. Also whatever time you spent studying the lessons. Some of the members are giving their tenth in these ways; music, singing, visiting the sick or homebound, making calls as visiting teachers, canning fruit, or sewing for donations. You would marvel at the ways and means avaliable. many of them are giving far more than one-tenth."

EMMA had used the right psychology. Jerusha had an inborn sense of duty. Yet she had never considered the auxiliary organizations of the church as being of much importance. She began to wonder now if the people of the ward really did consider her as one that wasn't doing her full duty. The Lord himself had set Sunday apart as a day of worship. She fully believed in keeping the Sabbath. She sighed heavily. "I wonder if we really are supposed to do that?"

Emma's answer was realy, "And why not? Truly the windows of heaven have opened up and poured rich blessings upon all of our members. They have all remarked about it. You know the Relief Society is really an inspired organization. The Prophet himself gave it to us with promises of great blessings. Would you have time to play my favorite song for us, Sister Brown? As I remember, you have a very fine soprano voice, too. The Lord did not endow you with all of these fine talents for naught."

Jerusha laid her beloved duster on the polished floor and played, "Make the World Brighter." Her face glowed with pride as she sang with ease the highest notes while Lelia had to pause for breath. Quickly she turned the pages to "Have I Done Any Good in the World Today?" "This was always my mother's favorite song," she said. "Let's sing it."

The song ended they all sat back in meditation for a moment. The peacefulness seemed almost too sweet to disturb.

Emma looked at her watch. "It is getting late. We really must be going. What is your answer, Sister Brown? This seems an odd time of the year to be putting in a new officer, but Sister Anderson is moving away, and besides it will give you a better chance to be in practice for next winter."

Jerusha glanced about her livingroom once more as though she really felt that this was the last time that she would see it in such an immaculate state. She started to pick up her duster, then laughed and said, "I just can't seem to keep my hands off of that thing. But I believe you are right. Perhaps a little personal tithing is just what I need. You say that meeting begins at two o'clock? I'll be there."

Phebe

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

IT was springtime in Bethany, little Phebe sat in the afternoon sunshine upon her father's house. Of many things, she liked the sun the best, liked to feel it caressingly about her. It was almost like seeing, for Phebe was blind.

This hour her brother sat beside her and talked of many things; he noted now her delicate and exquisite features, her dainty form, and tried anew to show her what his eyes beheld.

"But a little way to our south," he said, "is Bethlehem, and on the hills the shepherds tend their flocks. It is very beautiful there by night."

He cast his eyes toward the North, many people were now passing to and from Jerusalem, a mile or so away. The road wound downward to walls white in the sunshine.

Lowering his voice, he told her of a man named Jesus whom he had seen and heard beside the sea of Galilee. "And many souls believe and hear who never saw or heard on Him," he added, "and many see before, and many walk who were lame. But many hate Him bitterly and seek His life."

Phebe raised her eyes wonderingly, trying to understand. Her eyes were brown with little flecks of gold in them, like the tints in the deep brown of her hair.

"His hair is like yours, Phebe," he said, "so are His eyes; He seems to see so far, so very far—" his voice died away into his thoughts.

Ten long years he had led this little sister by the hand over the rocky heights of Bethany; and ten long years neighbors and friends alike had avoided them because of this affliction. Phebe didn't know, they hadn't told her, she was but four when she had fondled a little sightless lamb and then she had been —cursed? no! not cursed. He'd always known it wasn't that, life was far too beautiful to do that. He loved even the rocks that crowded in the streets and the beauty of Jerusalem so high upon the hills. And now see what this man Jesus had said, when He healed the blind beggar by the way, "neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Yet people crossed the street before their door, and many whispers speculated on the hidden evil of his parents.

"And He is coming now to Bethany?" questioned Phebe, a look of joy upon her face.

"It is to the home of Mary and Martha he comes this day, He is on His way to Jerusalem, and it is whispered they will crown Him King."

THE sun's last rays were fading in the west, turning the world to gold, in the glow Phebe leaned forward toward the road, a large company of people were drawing near, Phebe listened to the noise of footsteps and mingled voices.

"Jesus leads the company," her brother whispered, "I wish that you could see Him, Phebe, but I will take you to Him, yet e'er night falls."

"But I—I already see," breathed the girl in wonder, "and oh far more, I see the Love He has for all mankind. I vow to love others and do for them as He would have me."

Amidst the tumult and the noise Jesus, perceiving virtue had gone

out of Him, gave the girl a reassuring glance and then passed on.

A TIRED little woman with wavy brown hair, graying about her temples, sat before a gathering of saints, in the home of Aquilla and Pricilla in far away Rome. Aquilla had finished the business of the evening; he was concluding his talk: "And now," he said, reading from a letter, "Paul says, 'I commend unto you Phebe, our sister which is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea:

That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh Saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you, for she hath been a succorer of many and of myself also.' "

Aquilla looked up, "now as you already know, Phebe has followed where ever there are saints organized, to assist those who have the love of Jesus in their hearts, to care for the sick and needy. We are honored by her presence: Sister Phebe is tired from her long journey, but will salute you."

From beside Aquilla the tired little form arose, she wondered what she could say this night. And then again, as many years ago, she saw the form of Jesus coming up the toilsome road to Bethany, His face turned toward the great tower of David, looming in the distance, high above the walls of Jerusalem; the eyes of her understanding were opened and she saw again His great love for all men; it was this, coupled with the testimony of her blessing, that had ever carried her on.

Those crowded there saw the pale face flush, the shoulders straighten, her eyes became luminous and tender. In a voice full and vibrant she saluted them and said, "I had almost forgotten, it is nearing the day of our Lord's birth, who laid down His life for us. It is a great privilege to begin this night an organization to care for the least of His; we can do nothing better than express our love for Him in gifts to the needy. Our brother Paul is himself carrying comfort to the afflicted saints in Jerusalem from the saints of Macedonia and Achaia. He sends you special greetings, as have all his fellow workers; and I repeat, be happy in the blessings of Christ Jesus. If ye are doing good and have good will t'wards all, be ye blessed so many times more—"

And so, in Rome, many miles from Bethany, relief was organized, and many back along the route of her travels carried aid and cheer to saddened hearts.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund

Swedish Mission

SOMETIME ago greetings from the Relief Society Board of the Swedish Mission reached the office. This board was organized under the Presidency of Elder Gustav W. Forsberg in September, 1933, and has continued in connection with the Mission President and the Presidency of the European Mission, to direct the affairs of the Relief Society. The above picture is that of the sisters who now constitute this Board.

RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD OF SWEDISH MISSION

Sister Axeline Peterson, President of the Swedish Mission Relief Societies, reports that a visit to all the branches was made in the latter part of the year 1935. These visits were a source of great pleasure, and resulted in the development of great enthusiasm in the Relief Society. The saints extended a hearty welcome, and were eager to get the instructions in Relief Society activity and the educational program.

This is one of the Missions where the Annual Dues have been successfully instituted, and the sisters are for the most part very willing and eager to support the organization. The following lines, quoted from the Vingaker Branch, are typical of the spirit of the Mission:

"The sisters here send their hearty greetings to the Presidency of the Relief Society. It was an unforgetable Sunday for us all when we met with the Mission President. Words cannot express our gratitude for the labor of love our sisters are doing and for all the good teachings and valuable advice we, in our imperfectness, received. We will try to remember them and put them into

practical use. We all talked about you last Sunday and we extend to you a hearty invitation to come again. I now know that each and every one of the sisters here gladly will pay their yearly Dues. May God abundantly reward your self-sacrificing labors. . . ."

It is easy to work where the spirit of the people is so fine. There are now fifteen branches organized in the Swedish Mission. The sisters are faithful and devoted, and regard it a pleasure and privilege to add their part toward making the Relief Society successful.

German-Austrian Mission

IMMEDIATELY following the holiday season came a beautiful description of the Christmas party which was held by the Relief Society in Berlin on Christmas Eve. The color-scheme of silver and white was carried out in all the decorations. On entering the hall where the party was held, one was greeted with the soft, mellow light of candles, and soft music suggested the beauty of the occasion. In one corner of the room stood a beautiful Christmas Tree, lighted with tallow candles, all snow-white. Bon-bons, nuts and candy were wrapped in silver wrappings. At the side of the tree stood a small table covered with a white cloth, with a centerpiece of pine boughs arranged in the form of a nest. From this rose four extra long white candles, with pine boughs decorated in silver trimmings. On each side of the room, extending the entire length, were two tables covered with white cloths and decorated with pine boughs and dainty vases. Small candles, alternating green and red supplied the light. People were seated round the tables facing the tree. When the beautiful sacred service began, the organ played "Silent Night," and the sisters sang the beautiful words. The German saints know this beautiful carol by heart. Stories and poems, with appropriate music, constituted the program of the evening. On the table were extra candles, and as one burned down the sister nearest it replaced it with another. As the program closed the President of Relief Society stepped from the room and returned with her arms loaded with boxes for the L. D. S. Missionaries. Two beautiful young girls presented a Christmas playlet. The work of the Relief Society is progressing very satisfactorily and the saints in this Mission expressed their pleasure at the opportunity for work in this organization.

Swiss-German Mission

FROM the Swiss-German Mission comes this very fine summary of the work. The Relief Society in this Mission is progressing satisfactorily, and every effort is being made to make the educational program attractive and interesting. The women seem to enjoy the work very greatly in all the branches. This year the aim of the Relief Society is to have an organization in every branch where it is possible.

Samoan Mission

THE annual reports coming into the office from every organization of Relief Society in the world, bring to us the realization of the wide extent covered by our organization. The following report comes from Sister Agnes M. Sears, President of the Samoan Relief Society, who reports that the organizations are all progressing very satisfactorily and are fully organized. They are looking forward to the seventeenth of March, when a gathering of the sisters from all parts of the island will be held at Sauniatu, and

a most delightful time is anticipated.

Canadian Mission

FROM the Canadian Mission comes word from Sister Alice R. Rich, Mission President, who expressed her pleasure at the work of the Relief Society in this mission. Though some of the branches are very small, and the sisters widely scattered, it is marvelous to see how much effort they put forth to attend the meetings and carry on the work. The Work and Business Department has shown marked improvement in the past few months, and suggestions for this type of activity are gratefully accepted. The sisters of this mission take great pride in the wonderful Relief Society organization, and are happy to participate in the opportunities offered through the study courses.

Mexican Mission

A MOST delightful account of a tour through the Mexican Mission is made by Sister Anna H. Pratt, Relief Society Mission President. Conferences in most of the branches have been held. The program was made in advance by the Mission President and sent to the various branches to prepare. There were talks on Theology, Social Service and the best methods of interesting people in the Visiting Teachers' work. These talks were made by the local Presidents, and were very well prepared. There were also choruses of Relief Society sisters who furnished fine music. The attendance at the special meetings was very excellent. In the City of Mexico district, three large conferences were held, at which the attendance ranged from sixty-one to ninety-four. The sisters seemed much more interested in the work than they were a year ago; this was indicated by the number of questions which were asked and the manifest interest in the work of the organization. Quoting from Sister Pratt's letter:

"In Mexico City district we have a district presidency and their work has been splendid considering the time at their disposal. All our branches received special visits, some more than one, and they are doing some fine things in helping the sick and needy. The sisters are interested in the Work and Business Meetings. In some branches a yearly bazaar is held. It has been something of a problem to get the reports from the teachers, but the report blanks are mailed to the Presidents each month, and the secretaries are becoming more careful in their work. The work of the Relief Society is being felt in the blessing it is to the sisters, and those of the missions greatly appreciate the help of this fine organization.

Rain

By Ella J. Coulam

April sheds so many tears
Over pent-up joys and fears;
She weeps when fragrant lilacs blow,
With tears her daffodils bend low.

Oh! Would that I could live as she
And keep my soul as trouble free;
For when her tears are spent, at last,
Her cares are buried with the past.

Notes to the Field

National Youth Administration

THE Federal Government, through the National Youth Administration, has made available three funds to assist youth who are unemployed.

One fund is available to universities and colleges to assist young people to continue their education. These funds are administered by the executives of the schools, based upon the need of students.

A similar fund is available to high schools. Here also principals provide work opportunities for boys and girls according to their need, to assist them to purchase books, transportation and other essentials for them to remain at school.

The third sum is for work projects for young people ages 16-25, who are members of families eligible for employment on the Works Progress Administration Projects. These young people must be registered in the National Re-employment Service.

It is reported that many of these young people have not registered, and therefore will not be assigned to the National Youth Administration Projects which are now established throughout the several States.

We believe the above information will be of value to our officers who no doubt will know many young people who could be in school if they knew of the help which is available, and many who will want to work on the National Youth Projects if they are informed that they should register with the National Re-employment Service.

Bear River Stake Reorganized

WORD comes to us of the recent reorganization of the Bear River Stake Relief Society. It is a pleasure to express to the retiring President, Sister Margaret W. Manning and her co-workers, the grateful appreciation of the General Board of Relief Society for their long and efficient service. Sister Manning has certainly demonstrated the essential qualities of leadership—vision to see the needs of her community, courage to follow the course that leads to achievement, even though sometimes difficult; and magnetism to draw others with her. It is with a feeling of regret that we no longer count her among our group of Stake Presidents, but we know that she will always cherish Relief Society in her heart and have the love and esteem of her co-workers and the general organization.

We are very happy to greet Sister Clara H. Fridal, the new President, and the able group of women with which she has surrounded herself, and feel sure that the high standard achieved in Relief Society by President Manning will be carried forward under the able leadership of Sister Fridal.

Literary Department

HAVE you ever wished to turn back the pages in the Book of Life and live again with friends and companions whose spirit and influence meant so much to you? Why not turn the pages of other books and enjoy that same feeling of companionship with those who have interpreted life and nature in language of power and beauty, so that out of the silence their voice speaks to your understanding heart. For suggestions read: *Adventures in Reading* in the November, 1935, *Relief Society Magazine.*

Work and Business Department

IF housewives knew what the market provides in commodities and service, where the articles are obtainable, when available, the best season and form of each; special characteristics of various kinds of goods, their comparative value in relation to suitability for use, durability and cost in terms of household preparation and care, much worry, time and energy would be eliminated.

Social Service

OUR civilization will be measured by the children it produces and by the civilization they in turn produce. The most hopeful and outstanding quality of our present generation is that it has become child conscious. Many even feel that the only really worthwhile values in the human race are associated with children.

People now are realizing that child welfare is a subject which should be of deep interest not only to every parent but to every citizen as well. Parents cannot afford to limit their attention to their own children, for the welfare of their own children depends in a large measure upon the welfare of children generally. If it is true that you cannot be sure of good health in the avenue, while disease flourishes in the alley, that you cannot be sure of the health of your own children as long as other children are ill; it may also be true that you cannot be sure of the moral and spiritual safety of your own children if other children are not also protected from evils and vice.

Our interest in child welfare should not diminish as long as there are:

6,000,000 improperly nourished
1,000,000 with defective speech
1,000,000 with weak or damaged hearts
675,000 present behavior problems
450,000 mentally retarded
382,000 tubercular
3,000,000 with impaired hearing
18,000 totally deaf
300,000 crippled
50,000 partially blind
14,000 wholly blind
200,000 delinquent
500,000 dependent.

LADDIE

By Emma Rigby Coleman

A baby's such a common thing,
There's one born every minute.
And yet, I think my laddie's worth
The world and all that's in it!

I cuddle him so close and tight,
Observe the way he grows;
I sing to him of fairyland,
Play, "piggie" with his toes.

Though babies are a common thing,
With one born every minute,
I wouldn't give my laddie for
The world and all that's in it!

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EDITORIAL

April

WHAT joy fills the being as one sees the green blades peep through the earth, the flowers burst forth with their riot of color, the trees appear decked in bloom.

This year people are especially joyous for after years of short water supplies the mountains are covered deep with snow, the earth is soaked as it has not been for years, times are growing better in the business world too, so with new hopes and bright prospects we hail the springtime. May its gladness fill every heart.

Arbor Day

ARBOR DAY owes its origin to J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, a former Secretary of Agriculture of the United States. While the word arbor to America means a bower, to the Romans it meant a tree and so it is an appropriate title for this day when all over the United States many, many trees are planted.

Before the inauguration of this day Nebraska was called "the treeless State" then it set the very first recorded tree-planting day when the State Board of Agriculture adopted a resolution by J. Sterling Morton designating the 10th of April for that purpose. In that year, 1872, more than a million trees were planted.

This example was emulated by other states until now it is nation-wide in its observance.

The service of trees, it has been truly said, begins with the cradle and ends with the coffin. To an almost unimaginable extent this service continues throughout life. Houses, furniture, fences, fuel, frames and handles for agricultural implements, wharves, boats and ships, rubber with all the uses to which it is put, gum, bark, cork, carriages, railroad cars and automobiles—how difficult it would be to make these without trees. Trees guard the sources of rivers, prevent floods, give shade and beauty.

During the last few years many memorial trees have been planted. Pasadena calls her memorial trees her Hall of Fame. "Trees are monuments with a meaning, for they live gloriously just as did those for whom they were planted."

Foreign visitors frequently plant trees. The Prince of Wales placed many in the United States as did also Foch when they visited here. Pershing planted many trees in France.

Trees should be planted with intelligent thought. They should be carefully cared for after they are planted. Children should be taught in the home and in the schools to love trees, to have knowledge concerning them, how to distinguish the different species, what kinds to select for planting in different localities, how to plant them, how to protect them and care for them. Tree planting gives discipline in foresight. In this day we are all too prone to desire quick results, immediate returns. He who plants a tree, plants for future beauty and joy and not only for his own but for a future generation.

Very many people have made the mistake of planting too many trees and have had too much shade around their houses. They also have made a mistake in the kinds they have planted. While the poplar, boxelder and silver maple grow quickly and look well for a time, they are short lived and in a few years become unsightly. Trees should be chosen for their hardiness, attractiveness and usefulness. The elm and oak while slow in growth live for a century and each year adds to their picturesqueness and gracefulness.

One who drives in April into the country and notes the quickening of the earth as a result of the warm sunshine that has penetrated the ground, sees earth coming to life. An urge fills his being to plant.

"Plant thou a tree whose griefless leaves shall sing
Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring."

—*E. M. Thomas.*

Arbor Day, we must remember, means more than planting trees. Shrubbery, plants and seeds of various kinds are planted on that day and schools also encourage the children to clean up the lots and make the property around their homes more sightly.

Many get the spirit of this day and do much planting who would otherwise fail to do it. There is a growing tendency for people not only to beautify their own property but the highways. Grounds around public buildings are often beautified on this day. It would be well for everyone who possibly can to do some planting each Arbor Day and thus make the world a more beautiful place in which to live.

A Benefactor

UNTIL John Davey worked out tree surgery over fifty years ago, it was thought that trees had to die when they were sick and that man could do nothing about it.

John Davey became a trained horticulturist. When he looked at sick trees, he asked why they could not be saved. His study of botany and other sciences made him think that these living trees would yield to curative processes, so he experimented and worked out a system of treatment for trees unique and revolutionary. After a lifetime of effort he was triumphant. He laid the foundation for a new profession. He lived to see his theories and philosophy accepted and his methods put in general practice. Because of his life work countless thousands of trees have been saved.

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